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POEMS,

(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED,)

WRITTEN CHIEFLY AT

BREMHILL, IN WILTSHIRE.

BY THE

REV. WM. LISLE BOWLES.

PRINTED FOR

CADELL AND DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON;

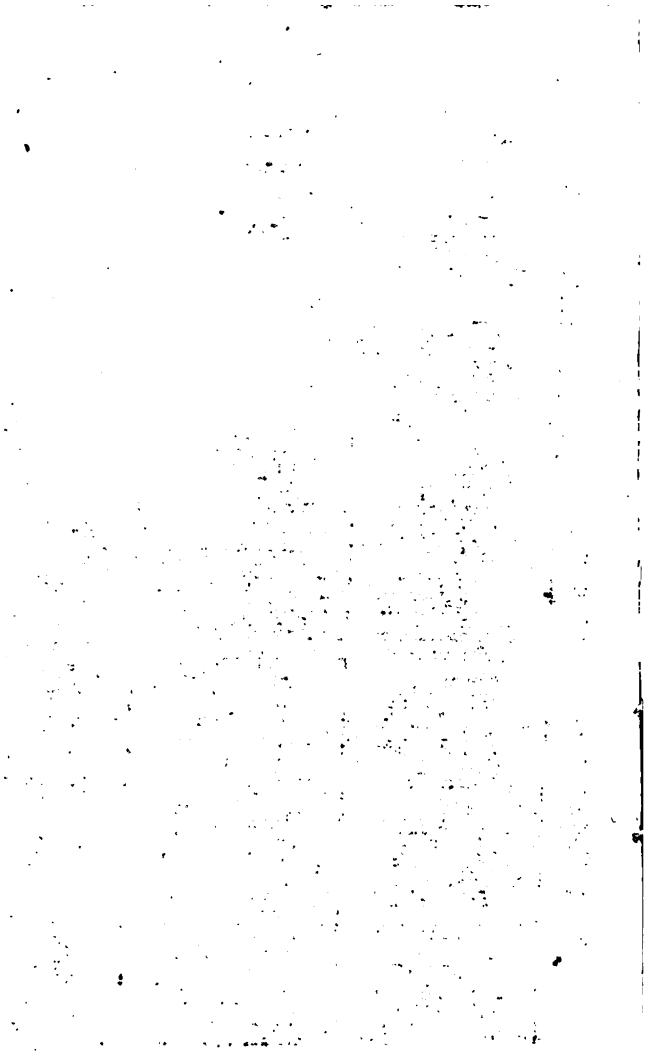
AND CRUTTWELL, BATH.

1809.

Printed by Richard Cruttwell,
St. James's-Street, Bath.

M. Bengrel pinx.t J. Landseer sculp.t

BREMHILL CHURCH YARD.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

COUNTESS OF CORK & ORRERY,

THIS VOLUME

IS DEDICATED,

IN TOKEN OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

BY HER

OBEDIENT AND SINCERE HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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* These translations are by no means meant as *literal*.

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The Reader is requested to correct the following mistakes of words and lines.

Page 15, l. 13, for *I turn'd me,* read *I turn'd to the same spot.*

105, l. 4, for *that,* read *who smote.*

107, l. 9, for *Oft lurks the lurid messenger of death,* read,

Oft lurking mid the lurid windings damp.

99, l. 8, Comma after *beautiful. Then beautiful, the ball of this terrene.*

119, for *silent sunny drops,* read *silent and soft the drops descend.*

121, for *Of that sole luminary that informs,* read,

Of the illustrious Lord of Day, who cheers
The world with light and heat.

125, l. 9. for *blasts* read *bird.*

126, after the line,

Sounds that the caverns of Old Ocean shake,

add the line,

These shall the bard with loftier strains invoke.

132, l. 4, for *storm of death,* read *strife of death.*

COME, AND WHERE THESE RUNNELS FALL,
LISTEN TO MY MADRIGAL!

Far from all sounds of all the strife,
That murmurs through the walks of life;
From Grief, Inquietude, and Fears,
From scenes of Riot, or of Tears;
From Passions, cank'ring day by day,
That wear the inmost heart away;
From pale Detraction's envious spite,
That worries where it fears to bite;
From mad Ambition's worldly chace;
Come, and in this shady place,

Be thine CONTENTMENT's humble joys,
And a life that makes no noise,
Save when FANCY, musing long,
Turns to desultory song;*
And wakes some lonely melody,
Like the water dripping by.
COME, AND WHERE THESE RUNNELS FALL,
LISTEN TO MY MADRIGAL!

Bremhill Garden,
Sept. 1808.

* "And Fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song."
Parnell.

OLD

Time's Holiday.

SUGGESTED ON SEEING A PICTURE OF

TIME PLAYING ON A HARP.

Αργαλεως φερεται παλιος χρονος αλλα παρερπων,
Και φωνας κλεπτει φθεγγομενων μεροπων.

Quoted from CAMDEN.

OLD

Time's Holiday.

SUGGESTED ON SEEING A PICTURE OF TIME PLAYING ON A HARP.

Though swift the moments pass along,
To some they scarcely seem to move;
Whilst Fancy sings her elfin song,
Of HOPE, *of* JOYANCE, *and of* LOVE.

As through a valley far remote I stray'd,
Methought, beside a mould'ring temple's stone,
The tale of whose dark structure was unknown,
I saw the FORM of TIME: his Scythe's huge blade
Lay swathed in the grass, whose gleam was seen
Fearful, as oft the wind, the tussocks green

Mother, and Sleeping Boy.

Mov'd stirring, to and fro: the beam of morn
Cast a dim lustre on his look forlorn;
When touching a responsive instrument,
Stern o'er the chords his furrow'd brow he bent:
Meantime a naked boy, with aspect sweet,
Play'd smiling with the hour-glass at his feet!
Apart from these, and in a verdant glade,
A sleeping Infant on the moss was laid,
O'er which a female form her vigils kept,
And watch'd it, softly-breathing as it slept.
Then I drew nigh, and to my list'ning ear
Came, stealing soft and slow, this ditty clear:

"Lullaby, sing lullaby,—
"Sweetest babe, in safety lie;
"I thy mother sit and sing,
"Nor hear of Time the hurrying wing.

May-Day.

" Here, where innocence reposes,
" Fairy sylphs, your sports delay;
" Then the breath of morning roses
" From its bed of bliss convey.

" Lullaby, sing lullaby,—
" Sweetest babe, in safety lie;
" I thy mother sit and sing,
" Nor hear of Time the hurrying wing."

Hush'd in sweet slumber, its calm eye-lids clos'd,
One little hand upon its heaving breast,
Amidst the flow'rs a beauteous Child repos'd,
And ring-doves murmur'd it to stiller rest.
Unheard, far off, the mutt'ring thunder roll'd,
Unseen, far off, the meteor lightnings play'd;
When all was sunshine here, and clouds, like gold,
Hung, as delaying, o'er the shadowy glade.

May-Day.

I turn'd, and lo! a bevy bright and fair
Come dancing, youths and virgins in a throng.
Heard ye the animated air
Rich tones of pleasure and of hope prolong?

"Golden lads and lasses gay,*
"Now is life's sweet holiday:
"TIME shall lay by his scythe for you,
"And Joy the valley with fresh violets strew."

Then sweeter came, methought with accents clear,
The song, in soft accordance to mine ear.
It said, "O Youth, still joyous on thy way,
"May'st thou be found; now that her purple wing
"The morning waves, and the fresh woodlands sing.

* "Golden Lads and Lasses must
"All follow thee, and turn to dust." *Shakespeare.*

Love.

" Nor let cold wisdom's voice thy heart dismay,
" Telling thee Hope and Pleasure last not long;
" That Age will come, like pilgrim poor and old,
" And wan Disease, with cheerless aspect cold;
" But listen to my mirth-inspiring song:
" The shadow'd landscape, and the golden sun,
" The skies so pure, the vernal pastures green,
" And hills and vales, at distance, softer seen,
" Invite thee, life's glad race secure to run;
" Thine every joy the smiling prospect yields—
" To-morrow to fresh streams and fairer fields."*

As light of heart they pass'd along,
At once the dark Musician chang'd his song:

* " To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new." *Milton.*

Love.

" Who, in tender transport lying,
" While the gentle wizard sings,
" Thinks not of the hour that's flying,
" Or the noise of human things?"

I look'd, and saw upon a lake, alone,
Stealing beneath the bank, a little boat
(Upon whose sail the beams of morning shone)
Soft on its shade without a murmur float.
Aërial rocks gleam'd o'er the woods remote:
On all things round there was a silence deep,
Save when at times was heard the turtle's note,
Or distant pipe, or bell of wand'ring sheep.
Upon the bank myrtles and lilies grew,
And spreading woodbines mark'd a sylvan cave,
And sometimes, deck'd with flow'rs of various hue,
The green-sward slope descended to the wave.

Love.

And in that boat, with look that witness'd joy
And hope, a beautiful and winged Boy†
Sat at the helm, and as the breezes fann'd
His yellow-stirring hair, filling the sail
Gently, he smil'd, and lifted in his hand
A blooming May-thorn, whilst the Wizard sung,
Old Time, as he himself were beautiful and young,
And seem'd with moody joy the fairy sight to hail:

"Bless the hour Endearment gives!
"Who on earth's cold climate lives,
"But has felt his heart rejoice,
"When woman's smile, and woman's voice,
"Hath sent, with magical controul,
"All sweetness to the soften'd soul.

"Oh! Happiness, where art thou found,
"(If indeed on mortal ground,)

† "Ipse gubernator residens in puppe Cupido." *Ovid.*

Love.

"But with faithful hearts alone,
"That Love and Friendship have made one—
"In tenderness and faith sincere,
"In affection's sweetest tear."

It was a livelong holiday;
And in that boat, far from the faithless crowd,
They who true love and mutual trust avow'd,
Pursued in peace their solitary way.
And it was bliss to see the manly youth,
Whose look bespoke sincerity and truth,
Gaze upon her he lov'd, as he could bless
Th' ALMIGHTY BEING, in the living light
Of whose warm sun he felt such happiness,
Whilst tears of transport almost dimm'd his sight.
To tenderness and confidence resign'd
On his protecting bosom she reclin'd
Her head: and so, beneath the gleamy sail,
They pass'd, amid the summer-shining vale.

Prose.

Meantime the hoar Musician sings,
Hiding the shadow of his sable wings:—
"Come, and forget the coil of human things!
"The sound of many sorrows, that dismay
"The shrinking heart of man, here dies away!
"Come, pure Endearment, be this moment thine;
"Kiss from the lid the tears that rapturous shine,
"And let one SPIRIT of AFFECTION say,
"BLEST HOURS, BUT AH! TOO TRANSIENT, COULD
"YE STAY
"YOUR RAPID FLIGHT, HOW SWEET WERE LIFE'S
LONG WAY!"

Now where a gloom of thicker myrtles grew,
The fading vision lessen'd from my view.
As far away the stealing shadows float,
Still ev'ning slowly sheds her umbrage hoar,
One streak of light strays from the parting boat,
And softest sounds die on the distant shore.

Conclusion.

I stood like one who with delighted eyes
Pursues the noon-tide rainbow as it flies;
When from a cloud that sapphire-bright appear'd,
Words, like the sound of waves remote, I heard:

"Mortal, would thy search obtain
"True wisdom in a world of pain?
"Oh, when all the vallies ring
"To music of life's opening spring,
"Let not FLATTERY's syren lay
"Lure thy trusting heart astray.
"Let GAIETY's glad dance and song
"Detain, but not detain thee long.
"LOVE's enchanting visions gleam,
"But, ah! they are not what they seem!
"Nor yet let sullen CARE destroy
"Vernal hopes, and summer joy!
"Use the PRESENT, but not so
"That it may lead to years of woe.

Time.

" Take the joys the Heav'ns impart,
" With a meek, a thankful heart;
" And think them, when they steal away,
" But as companions of a day.
" Love, and youth's delightful spring,
" Time shall bear with rapid wing;
" But, when Passion's hour is past,
" FIDELITY and TRUTH shall last;
" Last till life's few sands are run!
" And Nature views the sinking Sun!
" Nor think that then the parting knell
" Sounds o'er the grave a last Farewell;
" For higher, purer joys remain,
" Far beyond yon starry plain;
" Where sorrow shall no loss deplore,
" Where TIME and change shall be no more."

I look'd, and saw no more the boat, the stream;
Pass'd like the silent pictures of a dream:—

Time.

I turn'd me to the spot, where with white beard
That Phantom-Minstrel o'er his harp inclin'd;
I saw alone his Shadow vast, and heard
THE SOUND OF MIGHTY PENNONS, CLANGING IN T
WIND!

PICTURES

FROM

THEOCRITUS.

INSCRIBED TO

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, Bart.

These are inserted merely with a view of calling the attention of Artists to some of the romantic and picturesque circumstances which distinguish the Pastorals of the Old Sicilian. They are not meant to be literal translations, and I have selected only those passages which appeared poetical, and would form Landscapes.

PICTURES

FROM

THEOCRITUS.

FROM IDYL. I.

Ἁδυ τι τὸ ψθύρισμα, &c.

GOATHERD, how sweet above the lucid spring
The high pines wave with breezy murmuring!
So sweet thy song, whose music might succeed
To the wild melodies of PAN's own reed.

THYRSIS.

More sweet thy pipe's enchanting melody
Than streams that fall from broken rocks on high.

FROM THE SAME.

Πᾶ ποκ ἄρ᾽ ἦς᾽ ἔχα Δαφνις——

WHERE were ye, NYMPHS, when Daphnis droop'd
with love?
In fair PENEUS' TEMPE, or the grove
Of PINDUS? Nor your pastimes did ye keep,
Where huge Anapus' torrent waters sweep;
On ÆTNA's height, ah! impotent to save,
Nor yet where Akis winds his holy wave!

FROM THE SAME.

Ω Πὰν, Πὰν, εἴτ᾽ ἐπὶ κατ᾽ ὄρεα

PAN, PAN, oh mighty hunter, whether now,
Thou roamest o'er Lyceus' shaggy brow,
Or Mœnalus, outstretch'd in amplest shade,
Thy solitary footsteps have delay'd;

Leave Helice's romantic rock awhile,
And haste, oh haste, to the Sicilian isle;
Leave the dread monument, approach'd with fear,
That Lycaonian tomb the gods revere.
Here cease, Sicilian Muse, the Doric lay;—
Come, Forest King, and bear this pipe away;
Daphnis, subdu'd by love, and bow'd with woe,
Sinks, sinks for ever to the shades below!

FROM IDYL. VII.

Εἰρῳ ὁδον, &c.

HE left us;—we, the hour of parting come,
To Prasidamus' hospitable home,
Myself and Eucritus, together wend,
With young Amynticus, our blooming friend:

There, all delighted, through the summer day,
On beds of rushes, pillow'd deep, we lay;
Around, the lentisks, newly cut, were spread;
Dark elms and poplars whisper'd o'er our head:
A hallow'd stream, to all the wood-nymphs dear,
Fresh from the rocky cavern murmur'd near:
Beneath the fruit-leaves many-mantling shade
The grasshoppers a coil incessant made;
From the wild thorny thickets, heard remote,
The wood-lark trill'd his far-resounding note;
Loud sung the thrush, musician of the scene,
And soft and sweet was heard the dove's sad note between.
Then yellow bees, whose murmur sooth'd the ear,
Went idly flitting round the fountain clear.
Summer and autumn seem'd at once to meet,
Filling with redolence the blest retreat,
While the ripe pear came rolling to our feet.

FROM IDYL. XXII.

WHEN the fam'd Argo now secure had pass'd
The crushing rocks,* and that terrific strait
That guards the wintry Pontick, the tall ship
Reach'd wild Bebrycia's shores; bearing like Gods
Her God-descended Chiefs. They, from her sides,
With scaling steps descend, and on the shore,
Savage, and sad, and beat by ocean winds,
Strew'd their rough beds, and on the casual fire
The vessels place. The brothers, by themselves,
CASTOR and red-hair'd POLLUX, wander far
Into the forest solitudes. A wood
Immense and dark, shagging the mountain side,
Before them rose; a cold and sparkling fount
Well'd with perpetual lapse, beneath its feet,

* Rocks which were supposed to strike one against the other, and so crush the ship that attempted to pass between.

Of purest water clear; scatt'ring below,
Streams, as of silver and of crystal, rose,
Bright from the bottom: Pines, of stateliest height,
Poplar, and plane, and cypress, branching wide,
Were near, thick border'd by the scented flowr's
That lur'd the honey'd bee, when spring declines,
Thick swarming o'er the meadows. There all day
A huge man sat, of savage wild aspect;
His breast stood roundly forward, his broad back
Seem'd as of iron, such as might befit
A vast Colossus sculptur'd. Full to view
The muscles of his brawny shoulders stood,
Like the round mountain-stones, the torrent wave
Has polish'd: from his neck and back, hung down
A lion's skin, held by its claws. Him first,
The red-hair'd youth address'd:* "Hail, stranger, hail,

* The dialogue which ensues is highly characteristic in the original, but loses its effect in translation. I have endeavoured to preserve it on account of its wildness and singularity.

"And say, what tribes unknown inhabit here."

'Take to the seas thy "HAIL:" I ask it not,
'Who never saw before, or thee, or thine.'

"Courage! thou seest not men that are unjust
"Or cruel!"
'Courage! shall I learn from thee?'

"Thy heart is savage; thou art passion's slave."

'Such as I am thou seest; but land of thine
'I tread not.'
"Come, these hospitable gifts
"Accept, and part in peace."
'No: not from thee.
'My gifts are yet in store.'
"Say, may we drink
"Of this clear fount?"
'Ask, when wan thirst has parch'd
'Thy lips.'
"What present shall I give to thee?"

'None. Stand before me as a man; lift high
'Thy brandish'd arms, and try, weak pugilist,
'Thy strength.'

"But say, with whom shall I contend?"

'Thou seest him here; nor in his art unskill'd.

"Then what shall be the prize of him who wins?"

'Or THOU shalt be MY SLAVE, or I be thine.'

"The crested birds so fight."

'Whether like birds
'Or lions, for no other prize fight WE!'
He said:—and sounded loud his hollow conch;
The gaunt Bebrycian brethren, at the sound,
With long lank hair, come flocking to the shade
Of that vast plane.

Then Castor hied, and call'd
The hero chiefs from the Magnesian* ship.

* So called, from the country where it was built.

NOTES.

TO these Pictures from an Ancient, I have ventured to add, as NOTES, some Pictures from the Modern School.

FROM

THE EXHIBITION, 1805.

WHAT various objects strike with various force,
ACHILLES, HERR, and Sir Watkin's horse!
Here summer scenes, there Pentland's stormy ridge,
Lords, Ladies, NOAH's Ark, and Cranford Bridge!
Some that display the elegant design,
The lucid colours, and the flowing line;
Some that might make, alas! WALSH PORTER* stare,
And wonder how the devil they got there!

LADY M——VE.

HOW clear a strife of light and shade is spread!
The face how touch'd with Nature's loveliest red!
The eye, how eloquent, and yet most meek!
The glow subdu'd, yet mantling on thy cheek!
M——VE! I mark, alone, thy beauteous face,
But all is nature, dignity, and grace!

* A gentleman well known for his taste, and fine collection.

Hon. Miss Mercer.—Hopner.

O Hide these tempting eyes, that faultless form,
Those looks with feeling and with nature warm,
The neck, the softly-swelling bosom hide,
Nor, wanton gales, blow the light vest aside;
For who, when beauties more than life excite
Silent applause, can gaze without delight?
But innocence, enchanting maid, is thine,
Thine eyes in liquid light unconscious shine;
And may thy breast no other feelings prove,
Than those of sympathy and mutual love!

EXHIBITION, 1807.

Blind Fidler. Wilkie.

WITH mirth unfeign'd the cottage chimney rings,
Though only "vocal with four fiddle-strings!"
And see the poor blind Fidler draws his bow,
And lifts intent his time-denoting toe;
While yonder Maid, as blythe as birds in June—
You almost hear her whistle to the tune!
Hard by, a Lad, in imitative guise,
Fix'd fiddle-like, the broken bellows plies.
Before the hearth, with looks of honest joy,
The Father chirrups to the chittering Boy;
And snaps his lifted thumbs with mimic glee,
To the glad urchin on his Mother's knee!

TURNER'S *Morning.*

UP, for the morning shines with welcome ray,
And to the sunny sea-beach let us stray.
What orient hues proclaim the master's hand!
How light the wave upon the half-wet sand!
How beautiful the sun as still we gaze,
Streams all diffusive, through the opening haze!
Artist—when to the thunder's pealing sound,
Fire, mix'd with hail-stones, ran upon the ground;
When partial darkness the dread prospect hid,
And sole aspir'd the aged pyramid,
SUBLIMITY thy genius seem'd to guide,
O'er Egypt's champaign desolate and wide;
But here delightful BEAUTY reigns alone,
And decks the morning scene with graces all her own.

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT'S *Keswick.*

HOW shall I praise thee, BEAUMONT, whose nice skill
Can mould the soft and shadowy scene at will,
Chastise to harmony each gaudy ray,
Simple, yet grand, the mountain scene display;
The Lake where sober ev'ning seems to sleep,
Hills far retiring into umbrage deep;
Blend all with classic, pure, poetic taste,
And strike the more with forms and colours chaste?

CALCOT'S *Market-Day.*

THROUGH the wood's maze our eyes delighted stray,
To mark the Rustics on the *Market-Day.*

Beneath the branches winds the long white road;
Here peeps the rustic cottager's abode;
There, in the morning sun, the children play,
Or the crone creeps along the dusty way.

LOUTHERBOURG'S *Scene in France.*

ARTIST, I own thy genius; but the touch
May be too restless, and the glare too much:
And sure none ever saw a landscape shine,
Basking in beams of such a sun as thine,
But felt a fervid dew upon his phiz,
And panting cry'd, "*oh, Lord, how hot it is!*"

WEST'S *Death of Nelson.*

TURN to BRITANNIA'S triumphs on the main:
See NELSON, pale and fainting, 'mid the slain,
Whilst Victory sighs, stern in the garb of war,
And points through clouds the rocks of Trafalgar!
Here cease the strain—but while thy hulls shall ride,
BRITAIN, dark shadowing the tumultuous tide,
May other Nelsons, on the sanguine main,
Guide, like a God, the battle's hurricane;
And when the funeral's transient pomp is past,
High hung the banner, hush'd the battle's blast,
May the brave character to ages shine,
And GENIUS* consecrate the immortal shrine.

* I cordially pay this tribute to West, whose kindness and benev equal his talents.

WRITTEN AT

SOUTHAMPTON-CASTLE.

WRITTEN AT

SOUTHAMPTON-CASTLE.‡

INSCRIBED TO

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

THE MOONLIGHT IS WITHOUT,—and I could lose
An hour to gaze, tho' Taste and Splendour here,
As in a lustrous fairy palace, reign!
Regardless of the lights that blaze within,
I look upon the wide and silent sea,
That in the shadowy moonbeam sleeps:—

How still,
Nor heard to murmur, or to move, it lies;
Shining in Fancy's eye, like the soft gleam,
The eve of pleasant YESTERDAYS!

‡ Southampton-Castle is a magnificent pile, erected by the Marquis of Lansdowne, commanding the most striking views of the river, the Isle of Wight, the New-Forest, &c.

The clouds
Have all sunk westward, and the host of stars
Seem in their watches set, as gazing on,
While night's fair Empress, sole and beautiful,
Holds her illustrious course, thro' the mid heavens,
Supreme, the spectacle, for such she looks,
Of gazing worlds:—
How diff'rent is the scene,
That lies beneath this arched window's height!
The Town, that murmur'd through the busy day,
Is hush'd: the Roofs one solemn breadth of shade
Veils; but the tow'rs, and taper spires above,
The pinnets, and the grey embattled walls,
And masts that throng around the southern pier,
Shine all distinct in light; and mark, remote,
O'er yonder elms, St. MARY'S modest fane.

Oh! if such views may please, to me they shine
How more attractive! a few years have pass'd,
Since there I saw Youth, Health, and Happiness,

All circling round an aged Sire,‡ whose hairs
Are now in peace gone down: he was to me
A Friend, and almost with a Father's smile,
Hung o'er my infant muse. The cheerful voice
Of Fellowship, the song of Harmony,
And Mirth, and Wit,* were there.

That scene is pass'd,—
Cold Death and Separation have dissolv'd
The evening circle of once-happy friends!

So has it ever far'd, and so must fare,
With ALL.—I see the moonlight wat'ry tract
That shines far off, beneath the forest-shades!
What seems it, but the mirror of THAT TIDE,
Which noiseless, mid the changes of the world,
Holds its inevitable course, the TIDE

‡ Late Dean of Winchester, Dr. Newton Ogle.
* I speak this of Mr. Sheridan, who was often of the party.

Of years departing? to the distant eye
Still seeming motionless, tho' hurrying on,
From morn till midnight, bearing, as it flows,
The sails of pleasurable barks! THESE gleam
To-day, to-morrow OTHER passing sails
Catch the like sunshine of the vernal morn.

Our pleasant days, are as the moon's brief light
On the pale ripple, passing as it shines!
But shall the pensive bard for this lament,
Who knows how transitory are ALL WORLDS
Before HIS eye who made them?
Cease the strain;
And welcome still the social intercourse
That soothes the world's loud jarring, till the hour,
When universal Darkness wrapping all
This nether scene, a light from heav'n shall stream,
Thro' clouds dividing, and a voice be heard,
"HERE ONLY PURE AND LASTING BLISS IS FOUND."

THE WINDS.

WHEN pale October bade the flow'rs adieu,
And Autumn sung amid the seaman's shrouds,
Methought I saw four winged forms, that flew,
With garments streaming light, amid the clouds;
From adverse regions of the sky,
In dim succession, they went by:
The first, as o'er the billowy deep he past,
Blew from his shadowy trump a war-denouncing blast.

Upon a beaked promontory high,
With streaming beard, and cloudy brow severe,
I mark'd the FATHER* of the frowning year!
Dark vapours roll'd o'er the tempestuous sky,

* "Then comes the FATHER of the tempest forth."—*Thomson.*

When creeping Winter from his cave came forth;
" Stern Herald of the Storm, WHAT FROM THE
" NORTH?"

' SHOUTS, AND THE NOISE OF BATTLE!' and again
He blew from his dark trump a deadlier blast;
' SHOUTS, AND THE NOISE OF BATTLE,' the long main
Seem'd with hoarse voice to answer as he past.

The moody South went by, and silence kept;
The cloudy rack oft hid his mournful mien,
And frequent fell the show'r, as if he wept
The eternal havoc of this mortal scene;
As if he wish'd for ever thus to throw
His misty mantle o'er a world of woe.

But rousing him from his desponding trance,
Cold EURUS blew his sharp and shrilling horn;
In his right hand he bore an icy lance,
That far off glitter'd in the frost of morn;

The Old Man knew the clarion from afar,
"WHAT FROM THE EAST?" he cry'd. 'SHOUTS, AND THE NOISE OF WAR!'

Who comes in soft and skiey vest,
From the mild region of the West?
An azure veil bends waving o'er his head,
And show'rs of violets at his feet are spread.
'Tis ZEPHYR, with a look as young and fair
As when his lucid wings convey'd
That beautiful and gentle maid
PSYCHE,† transported thro' the air,
The blissful couch of Love's own God to share.
He brings again the morn of May,
The lark, amid the clear blue sky,
Carols, but is not seen so high,
And all the howling winds fly far away!

† Alluding to the beautiful fable of Psyche, carried by Zephyr to be married to Cupid.

I cried, "O, FATHER of the world, whose might,
"The storm, the darkness, and the winds obey,
"Oh, when will thus the long tempestuous night
"Of warfare and of woe be roll'd away!
"Oh, when will cease the uproar and the din,
"And Peace breathe soft," SUMMER IS COMING IN!

* "Sommer is cummin ion."—*Old Ballad.*

ON

WILLIAM SOMMERS,

OF BREMHILL.

WHEN will the grave shelter thy few grey hairs,
O aged man? Thy sand is almost run,
And many a year, in vain, to meet the sun;
Thine eyes have roll'd in darkness: want and cares
Have been thy visitants from morn to morn.
While, trembling on existence thou dost live,
Accept what human charity can give;
But standing thus, time-palsied, and forlorn,
Like a scath'd oak, of all its boughs bereft,
God and the grave are thy best refuge left.

When the bells rung, and summer's smiling ray
Welcom'd again the merry Whitsuntide,
And all my humble villagers were gay;
I saw thee sitting on the highway side,
To feel once more the warm sun's blessed beam:
Didst thou then think upon thy own gay prime,
On such a holiday, and the glad time
When thou wert young and happy, like a dream
Now perish'd? No; the murmur'd prayer alone
Rose from the trembling lips towards the Throne
Of Mercy; that ere spring return'd again,
And the long winter blew its dreary blast,
To sweep the verdure from the fading plain,
Thy burden would be dropt, thy sorrows past!

O blind and aged man, bow'd down with cares,
When will the grave shelter thy few grey hairs?

THE VISIONARY:

OR,

THE YOUNG POET's PARADISE.

INSCRIBED TO

MRS. WILMOT.

I was little aware when the following Poem was written, that a young Poet, a most interesting example (bating his extreme religious melancholy) of such a character as I would describe, closed his eyes upon this world in his 21st year. I allude to Henry Kirk White, whose Poems have been published by Mr. Southey. Though a genuine Poet, good sense was his distinguished characteristic.

THE

VISIONARY BOY.

"OH! lend that lute, sweet Archimage,* to me,
" Enough of care and heaviness
" The weary lids of life depress,
" And doubly blest that gentle heart shall be,
" That woos of Poesy the visions bland,
" And strays forgetful o'er enchanted land!
" Oh! lend that lute, sweet Archimage, to me."

So spoke, with ardent look, yet eyebrow sad,
When he had pass'd o'er many a mountain rude,
And many a wild and weary solitude,
Mid a green vale, a wand'ring Minstrel-lad.

* Chief Magician, or Fancy.

With eyes that shone in soften'd flame,
With wings and wand, young FANCY came;
And as she touch'd a trembling lute,
The lone enthusiast stood entranc'd and mute.
It was a sound that made his soul forego
All thoughts of sadness in a world of woe.

" Oh, lend that lute!" he cry'd! " Hope, Pity, Love,
" Shall listen; and each valley, rock, and grove,
" Shall witness, as with deep delight
" From orient morn to dewy-stealing night
" My spirit wrapt in trance of sweetness high,
" Shall drink the heart-felt sound with tears of
" ecstacy!"

As thus he spoke, soft voices seem'd to say,
" Come away, come away;
" Where shall the heart-sick minstrel stray,
" But (viewing all things like a dream)
" By haunted wood, or wizard stream?

" That, like a hermit weeping,
" Amid the grey stones creeping;
" With voice distinct, yet faint,
" Calls on Repose herself to hear its soothing plaint.

" For HIM, romantic Solitude
" Shall pile sublime her mountains rude;
" For HIM, with shades more soft imprest,
" The lucid lake's transparent breast
" Shall shew the banks, the woods, the hill,
" More clear, more beautiful, more still.
" For him more musical shall wave
" The pines o'er Echo's moonlight cave,
" While sounds as of a fairy lyre
" Amid the shadowy cliffs expire!"

This valley where the raptur'd Minstrel stood,
Was shaded with a circling slope of wood,

And rich in beauty, with that valley vied,
THESSALIAN TEMPE, crown'd with verdant bay,
Where smooth and clear PENEUS winds his way;
And OSSA and OLYMPUS, on each side,
Rise dark with woods; or that Sicilian plain
Which Arethusa's clearest waters lave,
By many a haunt of PAN, and wood-nymph's cave,
Ling'ring, and list'ning to the Doric strain
Of HIM,* the Bard whose music might "succeed
"To the wild melodies of PAN's† own reed!"

This scene, the mistress of the valley, held,
FANCY, A MAGIC MAID; and at her will,
Aërial castles crown'd the gleamy hill,
Or forests rose, or lapse of water well'd.

* Theocritus.

† Μετα Παγα τν δευτερον ασλον αποισει.—*Idyl.* 1.

Fancy.

Sometimes she sat with lifted eye,
And mark'd the dark storm in the western sky;
Sometimes she look'd, and scarce her breath would
draw,
As fearful things, not to be told, she saw;
And sometimes, like a vision of the air,
On wings of shifting light she floated here and there.
In the breeze her garments flew,
Of the brightest skiey blue,
Lucid as the tints of morn,
When Summer, trills his pipe of corn:
Her tresses to each wing descending fall,
Or, lifted by the wind,
Stream loose and unconfin'd,
Like golden threads, beneath her myrtle coronal.

The list'ning PASSIONS stood aloof and mute,
As oft the west-wind touch'd her trembling lute.

Castles in the Air.

But when its sounds the youthful Minstrel heard,
Strange mingled feelings, not to be express'd,
Rose undefin'd, yet blissful on his breast,
And all the soften'd scene in sweeter light appear'd.

Then FANCY wav'd her wand, and lo!
An airy troop went beck'ning by:
"Come from toil and worldly woe;
"Come live with us in vales remote," they cry.

These are the flitting phantasies; the dreams
That lead the heart through all that elfin land,
Where half-seen shapes entice with whispers bland.
Meantime the clouds, imprest with livelier beams,
Roll, in the lucid track of air,
Array'd in colour'd brede, with semblances more fair.
The airy troop, as on they sail,
Thus the pensive stranger hail:

First Impressions of general Beauty.

" In the pure and argent sky,
" There our distant chambers lie;
" The bed is strew'd with blushing roses,
" When QUIETUDE at eve reposes,
" Oft trembling lest her bow'rs should fade,
" In the cold earth's humid shade.
" Come, rest with us," evanishing they cry'd—
" Come, rest with us," the lonely vale reply'd.*

Then FANCY beckon'd, and with smiling MIEN,
A radiant form arose, like the fair QUEEN
OF BEAUTY: from her eye divinely bright,
A richer lustre shot, a more attractive light.
She said, " With fairer tints I can adorn
" The living landscape, fairer than the morn.

* Undefined feelings of things remote from common life.

Desire.

" The summer clouds in shapes romantic roll'd,
" And those they edge the fading west, like gold;
" The lake that sleeps in sun-light, yet impress'd
" With shades more sweet than real, on its breast;
" Mid baffling stones, beneath a partial ray,
" The small brook huddling its uneven way;
" The bluey fading hills, the silvery sea,
" And every scene of summer speaks of ME:
" But most I wake the sweetest wishes warm,
" Where the fond gaze is turn'd on woman's breathing form."

So passing silent through a myrtle grove,
Beauty first led him to the bow'r of Love.
A mellow light through the dim covert stray'd,
And opening roses canopy'd the shade.
Why does the hurrying pulse unbidden leap?
Behold, in yonder glade that Nymph asleep!

Desire.

The heart-struck Minstrel hangs, with ling'ring gaze!
O'er every charm his eye empassion'd strays!

An edge of white is seen, and scarcely seen,
(As soft she breathes,) her coral lips between;
A lambent ray steals from her half-clos'd eye,
As her breast heaves a short imperfect sigh.
"SLEEP, WINDS OF SUMMER, O'ER THE LEAFY
"BOW'R,
"NOR MOVE THE LIGHT BELLS OF THE NODDING
"FLOW'R;
"LEST, BUT A SOUND OF STIRRING LEAVES MIGHT
"SEEM
"TO BREAK THE CHARM OF HER DELICIOUS DREAM!
"AND YE, FOND, RISING, THROBBING THOUGHTS,
"AWAY,
"LEST SYREN PLEASURE ALL THE SOUL BETRAY!"

Pity.

Oh! turn, and listen to the ditty
From the lowly cave of PITY.
" On slaughter's plain, while Valour grieves,
" There he sunk to rest,
" And the ring-dove scatter'd leaves
" Upon his bleeding breast!"

Her face was hid, while her pale arms enfold
What seem'd an urn of alabaster cold;
To this she press'd her heaving bosom bare:
The drops that gather'd in the dank abode
Fell dripping, on her long dishevell'd hair
And still her tears, renew'd, and silent, flow'd:
And when the winds of autumn ceas'd to swell,
At times was heard a slow and melancholy knell!

'Twas in the twilight of the deepest wood,
Beneath whose boughs (like sad Cocytus, fam'd

Transition to extreme Melancholy Abstraction.

Through fabling Greece, from lamentation* nam'd)
A river dark and silent flow'd, there stood
A pale and melancholy Man: intent
His look upon that drowsy stream he bent,
As ever counting (when the fitful breeze
With strange and hollow sound sung thro' the trees)
Counting the sallow leaves, that down the current
went.
He saw them NOT—
Earth seem'd to him one universal blot.
Sometimes, as most distemper'd, to and fro,
He pac'd; and sometimes fix'd his chilling look
Upon a dreadful book,
Inscrib'd with secret characters of woe;
While gibb'ring imps, as mocking him, appear'd,
And airy laughter mid the dusk was heard.

* "From lamentation nam'd, and loud lament."—*Milton.*

Power of the Poet over the feelings of Terror.

Then FANCY wav'd her wand again,
And all that valley that so lovely smil'd,
Was chang'd to a bare champain, waste and wild,
"What pale and phantom-horseman rides amain?"
'Tis TERROR,—all the plain, far on, is spread,
With skulls and bones, and bodies of the dead!
From his black trump he blew a louder blast,
And earthquakes mutter'd as the Giant pass'd.
Then said that MAGIC MAID, with aspect bland,
"'Tis thine to seize his phantom spear,
"'Tis thine his sable trumpet to command,
"And thrill the inmost heart with shuddering fear."

But hark! to MUSIC's softer sound,
New scenes, and fairer views accordant rise.
Above, around,
The mingled measure swells in air, and dies.

Musical Expression.

Music, in thy charmed shell,
What sounds of holy magic dwell?
Oft when that shell was to the ear apply'd,
Confusion of rich harmonies,
All swelling rose,
That came, as with a gently-swelling tide:
Then at the close,
Angelic voices seem'd, aloft,
To answer, as it died, the cadence soft.
Now, like the hum of distant ocean's stream,
The murmurs of the wond'rous concave seem;
And now exultingly their tones prolong
The chorded Pæans of the choral song.

Then Music, with a voice more wildly sweet
Than winds that pipe on the forsaken shore,
When the last rain-drops of the west are o'er,
Warbled: "Oh, welcome to my blest retreat,

" And give my sounds to the responsive lyre:
" With me to these melodious groves retire,
" And such pure feelings share,
" As, far from noise and folly, sooth thee there."

Here FANCY (as the prize were won,
And now she hail'd her favourite son)
With energy impatient cry'd,
" The weary world is dark and wide,
" Lo! I am with thee still to comfort and to guide."*

" Nor fear, if, grim before thine eyes,
" Pale worldly Want, a spectre, low'rs,
" What is a world of vanities
" To a world as sweet as ours?

* I have placed Music last, as I think a perfect musical ear implies the highest degree of cultivation.

" When thy heart is sad and lone,
" And loves to dwell on pleasures flown,
" When that heart no more shall bound
" At some kind Voice's well-known sound,
" My spells thy drooping languor shall relieve,
" And airy spirits touch thy lonely harp at eve."

" Look!—DELIGHT and HOPE advancing,
" (Music joins her thrilling notes,)
" O'er the level lea come dancing:
" Seize the vision as it floats.
" Bright-ey'd RAPTURE hovers o'er them,
" Waving light his seraph wings,
" YOUTH exulting flies before them,
" Scattering cowslips as he sings!"

" Come NOW, my car pursue,"
The wayward FAIRY cry'd,

" And high amid the fields of air,
" Above the clouds, together we will ride,
" And posting on the viewless wind,
" So leave the cares of earth, and all its thoughts,
" behind.
" I can sail, and I can fly,
" To all regions of the sky,
" Or the shooting meteors course,
" On a winged griffin-horse!"

She spoke: when WISDOM's self drew nigh,
A noble sternness in her searching eye,—
Like Pallas helm'd, and in her hand a spear
As not in idle warfare bent, but still—
As resolute, to cope, with every earthly ill.
In youthful dignity severe,
She stood;—" And shall the aspiring mind,
" To FANCY be alone resign'd.

"Alas!" she cry'd, "her witching lay,
"Too often leads the heart astray.

"Still, weak minstrel, would'st thou rove,
"Drooping in the distant grove,
"Forgetful of all ties that bind
"THEE, a brother, to MANKIND?

"Has FANCY's feeble voice defy'd
"The ills to poor humanity ally'd?
"Can she, like WISDOM, bid thy soul sustain
"Its post of duty in a life of pain?
"Can she, like meek RELIGION, bid thee bear
"Contempt and hardship in a world of care?

"Yet let not my rebuke deery,
"In all, her blameless witchery,

" Or from the languid bosom tear
" Each sweet illusion nourish'd there.

" With dignity and truth, combin'd,
" Still may she rule the manly mind:
" Her sweetest magic still impart
" To soften, not subdue, the heart:
" Still may she warm the chosen breast,
" Not the SOVEREIGN, but the GUEST.
" Then shall she lead the blameless Muse
" Through all her fairest, wildest views;
" To mark, amid the flow'rs of morn,
" The bee go forth with early horn;
" Or when the moon, a softer light
" Sheds on the rocks and seas of night,
" To hear the circling Fairy Bands
" Sing, ' Come unto these yellow sands.

" ' Sweeter is our light than day,
" ' Fond enthusiast, come away!'

" Then CHIVALRY again shall call,
" The Champions to her banner'd hall!*

" The pipe, and song, with many a mingl'd shout,
" Ring through the forest, as the Satyr-rout
" Dance round the dragon-chariot of Romance:
" Forth pricks the Errant Knight with rested lance:
" Imps, Dæmons, Fays, in antic train succeed,
" The wand'ring maiden, and the winged steed!
" The muttering Wizard turns, with haggard look,
" The bloody leaves of the accursed book,

* I need not mention, I trust, (bating the metre,) the " wild and wondrous " Thalaba :" " Oberon," so excellently translated by Mr. Sotheby: Nor will any one, possessing the heart of a Poet, attempt to decry such exquisite romances as Scott's " Lay of the Last Minstrel," " Marmion," and let me add, Mr. Rose's translation of " Parthenope de Blois."

" Whilst Giants, from the gloomy castle-tow'r,
" With lifted Bats of Steel, more dreadful low'r!
" At times, the magic shall prevail,
" Of the wild and wond'rous Tale;
" At times, high rapture shall prolong
" The deep, enthusiastic Song!
" Hence, at midnight, Thou shalt stray,
" Where dark Ocean flings its spray,
" To hear o'er Heav'n's resounding arch
" The Thunder-Lord begin his march!
" Or mark the flashes, that present
" Some far-off shatter'd monument;
" Whilst along the rocky vale,
" Red fires, mingled with the hail,
" Run along upon the ground,
" And the thunders deeper sound!*

* An imperfect description of sublimity, taken from a chapter in Exodus, which only Handel's Music *(Israel in Ægypt)* can pretend to do justice.

" The loftier Muse, with awful mien,
" Upon a lonely rock is seen!
" Full is the eye that speaks the dauntless soul;
" She seems to hear the gathering tempest roll
" Beneath her feet: She bids an eagle fly,
" Breasting the whirlwind, through the dark-red sky!
" Or, with elated look, lifts high the spear,
" As sounds of distant battles roll more near.

" Now deep-hush'd in holy trance,
" She sees the Pow'rs of Heav'n advance,
" And " wheels, instinct with Spirit," bear,
" GOD's living Chariot through the air—
" Now on the wings of morn she seems to rise,
" And joins the strain of more than mortal harmonies.

" Thy heart shall beat, exulting as she sings,
" And thou shalt cry, " Give me an Angel's wings!"

" With sadder sound, o'er PITY's cave,
" The willow in the wind shall wave;
" And all the list'ning Passions stand,
" Obedient to thy great command.

" With POESY's sweet charm imprest,
" FANCY, thus shall warm thy breast.
" Still her smiling train be thine,
" Still her lovely visions shine,
" To cheer, beyond my boasted pow'r,
" A sad, or solitary hour.

" Thus let them sooth awhile thy heart,
" ' Come like shadows, so depart;'
" But never may the witching lay
" Lead each sense from life astray;

" For vain the Poet's muse of fire,
" Vain the magic of his lyre,
" Unless the touch subdu'd impart
" TRUTH and WISDOM to the heart!"

WRITTEN AT

CADLAND,*

SOUTHAMPTON RIVER.

INSCRIBED TO ANDREW DRUMMOND, ESQ.

IF ever Sea-Maid, from her coral cave,
Beneath the hum of the great surge, has lov'd
To pass delighted from her green abode,
And, seated on a summer bank, to sing
No earthly music; in a spot like this,
The Bard might feign he heard her, as she dry'd
Her golden hair, yet dripping from the main,
In the slant sun-beam.

* A beautiful seat of Henry Drummond, esq.

So the pensive Bard
Might image, warm'd with this enchanting scene,
Th' ideal form; but, though SUCH THINGS ARE NOT,
HE, who has ever felt a thought refin'd;
HE, who has wander'd on the sea of life,
Forming delightful visions of a Home,
Of beauty and repose;—HE, who has lov'd,
With filial warmth, his country, will not pass
Without a look of more than tenderness
On all the scene; from where the pensile birch
Bends on the bank, amid the cluster'd group
Of the dark hollies; to the woody shore
That steals diminish'd, to the distant spires
Of Hampton, crowning the long lucid wave.
White in the sun, beneath the forest-shade,
Full shines the frequent sail, like Vanity,
As she goes onward in her glittering trim,
Amid the glances of life's transient morn,
Calling on all to view her!

VECTIS* there,
That slopes its green-sward to the lambent wave,
And shews through softest haze its woods and domes,
With grey St. Catharine's† creeping to the sky,
Seems like a modest fair, who charms the more,
Concealing half her beauties.

To the East,
Proud, yet complacent, on its subject realm,
With masts innumerable throng'd, and hulls
Seen indistinct, but formidable, mark,
Albion's vast Fleet, that, like the impatient storm,
Waits but the word, to thunder and flash DEATH
On HIM, who dares approach, to violate
The shores and living scenes that smile secure
Beneath its dragon-watch!

* The Isle of Wight.

† The highest slowly-rising eminence in the Isle of Wight, seen from the River.

LONG MAY THEY SMILE!

And long, majestic Albion, (while the sound
From East to West, from Albis† to the Po,
Of dark contention hurtles,) mayst thou rest,
As calm and beautiful this sylvan scene
Looks on the refluent wave that steals below.

† The Elbe.

ON A

LANDSCAPE,

PAINTED BY

MISS COWARD, OF BATH.

HOW lovely shines the Pictur'd Scene, array'd
As with the hues of nature, hills and woods,
And ocean-stream remote! The broad brown oak
Stretches his ancient arms, and length of shade,
High o'er the nearer glens, and the wild ash,
Hangs wavering on the upland croft, whose ridge,
With distant sheep, amid the goss and fern,
Is dotted: gleams of momentary light
Shoot o'er the long-retiring sands, and fall,
Direct upon the battlement and tow'rs,
Of Carey's* mould'ring Castle: the low shore
Stretching far on its level line, reveals
The silver-shining main, that spreads beyond,

* View—Carey-Castle, Pembrokeshire.

To the pale ray of morning: through those hills,
On either side blue-op'ning, the dim sails
Hang, as departing: *one*, with partial light
Touch'd, ere it fades; the *other* looks a speck,
Which the first airy spleen would dissipate,
So brief and evanescent seems it shade.

So charms the lucid Landscape! oh, when life
Was new, I thought the smiling world was such,
So sweet, so softly shadow'd! FANCY then
Call'd up all pleasant semblances, that shone
In the aërial distance, and the eye
Of young poetic Rapture, as it glanc'd
From scene to scene, in vernal beauty gay,
Saw only, in this weary world, the smile
Of peace, and love's sweet sunshine.

As the Child,†
That play'd in summer by a devious stream,

† The curious story which I have endeavoured to apply, may be found in Giraldus Cambrensis.—See Sir Richard Hoare's Translation, Vol. I. p. 158.

Entic'd by beck'ning Fairies from his path,
Who said, " Come follow us, and we will shew,
" Scenes beautiful, and rare;" he follow'd them,
Through subterraneous windings, dark and strange,
Till now they saw a country, fairer far
Than this Terrene: a pale and peaceful light
Sat on the vales, more clear than of the moon,
And softer than the sun's: aërial youths
With golden " tresses like the morn," he hail'd
His fellows! " Here, I will for ever live,"
He cried, " I love not the sad earth I left,
" Be this sweet land my home." So day by day,
He sought that land of shadows, till elate,
One morn, he told to Matron TRUTH the tale,
" And bring," she sternly cry'd, " (for I would know
" If true or false thou speak'st,) from that strange land
" Some token." By the secret path he sought
The vale of fairies, and at setting sun,
Brought in his hand a golden ball, and shew'd
Delighted: when the unsubstantial toy

At once fell from his grasp, and while loud laughs
Of unseen imps were heard, he stood abash'd,
And saw the treasure vanish'd, and the eye
Of TRUTH more stern. He sought in vain, at morn,
The well-known path, by the same river's side;
But every trace was lost, and the wild way
For ever hid from mortal search!

So fares
The fond and youthful vot'ry, in the realm
Of gay IMAGINATION!—LOVE, and HOPE,
Buoyant and bright, are his associates THEN,
All fairy children; and his heart is sad,
When on the real ills of this hard world
He thinks.——He woos poor FANCY's imagery,
And when indignant TRUTH, with stern rebuke
Appears, he looks around, and they are gone!

So seem'd the scene to me, and so the toys
Of early Fancy shone, when this wide world,

I thought all loveliness, and deck'd with hues,
Soft as this Pictur'd Scene!

These things were dreams,
Brief shadows of a solitary hour,
No more:—for ill beseem'd it, in a world,
Where we must struggle hard, spell-bound to sit,
And image airy likelihoods, and forms
That fade, ere we can say they are; and lose
So idly lose, the dignity of Truth,
Of Virtue, and of Manhood. Else indeed
The poor Enthusiast, till his hairs were grey,
Might still lie dreaming by a summer brook,
In ruminating fancy, gend'ring forms,
Like countless insects, of distemper'd thoughts,
That WISDOM, waking from her sombrous trance,
Would brush away.

Therefore such things I lov'd,
But lov'd them as companions of an hour,

Lonely, or sad, forgotten in the crowd.
Still they were near my heart, and still mine eye,
Sought every charm of nature; every light
That deck'd her forests, and each ev'ning scene,
When west away the crimson clouds were hung,
Seem'd like a tender thought.

Therefore I prize,—
Though all romantic visions long have flown,
Which never when they flatter'd most, deceiv'd,
Yet wearied oft with many a sight and sound
Of sadness in the living world, I prize
A view like this—as beautiful, as still—
And pray that peace and happiness may wait
Thy latest years, fair Artist, whose nice touch,
Has thus in softest light array'd a scene,
That HAPPINESS and PEACE, might wish their own.

THE

Last Song of Camoens.

INSCRIBED TO

LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

THE morning shone on Tagus' rocky side;
And airs of summer swell'd the yellow tide,
When rising from his melancholy bed,
And faint, and feebly by ANTONIO* led,
Poor CAMOENS, subdu'd by want and woe,
Along the winding margin wander'd slow.
His Harp, that once could each warm feeling move,
Of patriot glory, or of tenderest love,

* The faithful Indian who attended him, in all his sorrows, a native of Java.

His sole and sable friend* (while a faint tone
Rose from the wires) plac'd by a mossy stone.

How beautiful the sun ascending shines,
From ridge to ridge, along the purple vines!
How pure the azure of the op'ning skies!
How resonant the nearer rock replies
To call of early mariners! and, hark!
The distant whistle from yon parting bark,
That down the channel as serene she strays,
Her grey sail mingles with the morning haze,
Bound to explore, o'er Ocean's stormy reign,
New lands that lurk amid the lonely main!

A transient fervour touch'd the Old Man's breast,—
He rais'd his eyes, so long by care deprest,
And while they shone with momentary fire,
Ardent he struck the long-forgotten lyre.

* Antonio, "who begged alms through Lisbon, and at night shared the produce with his broken-hearted master."—*Strangford's Preface.*

" From Tagus' yellow-sanded shore,
" O'er the billows, as they roar,
" O'er the blue sea, waste and wide,
" Our bark threw back the burning tide,
" By northern breezes cheerly borne,
" On to the kingdoms of the morn!
" BLANCO, whose cold shadow vast
" Chills the Western wave, is past!

" Huge BOJADOR, frowning high,
" Thy dismal terrors we defy!
" But who may violate the sleep,
" And silence, of the sultry deep;
" Where beneath th' intenser sun,‡
" Hot show'rs descend, red lightning's run?
" Whilst all the pale expanse beneath,
" Lies burning wide, without a breath;
" And at mid-day from the mast,
" No shadow on the deck is cast!

‡ Crossing the Line.

" Night by night, still seen the same,
" Strange lights along the cordage flame,
" Perhaps, the Spirits of the Good,†
" That wander this forsaken flood.
" Sing to the seas, as slow we float,
" A solemn and a holy note!

" SPECTRE§ of the Southern Main,
" Thou barr'st our onward way in vain,
" Wrapping the terrors of thy form,
" In the Thunder's rolling storm!
" Fearless o'er th' indignant tide,
" On to the EAST our gallies ride.

" TRIUMPH!—For the toil is o'er—
" We kiss the far-sought Indian shore!

† Lights called by the Portuguese " *Corpo Santo's*," supposed to be the Spirits of Saints, hovering on the shrouds.

§ The terrific Phantom of the Cape, described by Camoens.

" Glittering to the orient ray,
" The BANNERS of the CROSS display!

" Does my heart exulting bound?
" Alas, forlorn, I gaze around:
" Feeble, poor, and old, I stand,
" A stranger in my native land.

" My sable slave—(ah, no! my only friend,
" Whose steps upon my rugged path attend;)
" Sees, but with tenderness that fears to speak,
" The tear that furrows down my aged cheek!
" My harp is silent,—famine shrinks mine eye,—
" ' *Give me a little food for charity!*' "*

* Camoens, the great Poet of Portugal, is supposed to have gone to the East-Indies in the same ship with the first Discoverer, round the Cape of Good-Hope, Vasco de Gama. This is not the case, though he wrote the noble poem descriptive of the voyage. He went to India some years afterwards, but the general idea is sufficient for poetical purposes. His subsequent sorrows and poverty, in his native land, are well known.

MELODIES

OF

REMEMBRANCE.

"Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores?"

CATULLUS.

INSCRIBED TO

THE AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

I need not, perhaps, say (as the title imports it) that the following were written in early Youth.

MELODIES

OF

REMEMBRANCE.

I.

YES! I have wish'd that one, like thee,
If such the world could often send,
Might place a tender trust in me,
And think I was indeed a friend!

I would not praise her vermeil cheek,
Her smile of youth, her eye of fire;
Nor trembling, when I could not speak,
Gaze with tumultuous fond desire.

But I would look to Heav'n, and pray,
That every morn with joy might shine,
And "Angels," when in peace she lay,
"Might bless her with a love like mine!"

IV.

I SHALL look back, when on the main,
Back to my native isle,
And almost think I hear again
Thy voice, and view thy smile.

But many days may pass away,
Ere I again shall see,
Amid the young, the fair, the gay,—
One who resembles THEE.

Yet when the pensive thought shall dwell,
On some ideal maid,
Whom Fancy's pencil pictur'd well,
And touch'd with softest shade;

The imag'd form I shall survey,
And pausing at the view,
Recall thy gentle smile, and say,
"Oh, such a Maid I knew!"

V.

WHY seems my heart opprest and cold,
And why do fears unbidden start,
When I approach the scenes that hold,
The only treasure of my heart?

Perhaps she may have breath'd my name,
In solitude, when none could hear;
Or thought, in absence lov'd the same,
Of all my fortunes, with a tear.

Ah, since my feet so far have rang'd,
Pale Sickness may have mark'd her cheek;
And I may see her look, how chang'd,
But never—never hear her speak!

Vain bodings cease! hush every sigh!
It is her smile, her hand, her voice!
"Rejoice!" with beating heart I cry;—
"God only knows how we rejoice!"

VI.

HOW shall I see those pleasant fields again,
When I shall miss, where'er mine eyes I bend,
The look, the smile, of that beloved friend,
Who made this world, so oft a world of pain,
To me, oh, more than happy!—Every scene
Was here familiar, from life's early morn,
The trees, the tow'r, the cliff, the hill-top thorn;
And long-accustom'd on my arm to lean,
I oft have heard her say, that "search around
"The earth, no spot more blissful could be found."

Thy path is now beyond those fading hills,
And many a fear my anxious bosom fills,
Which Fancy shapes in solitude! but yet,—
I know thy warm and honest heart replies,
(A tear of accusation in thine eyes)
"Oh! can I ever THESE or THEE, forget?"

Well! BE THOU HAPPY! but I fear, the day
Will come, when I with aching heart shall say,
(Watching the melancholy show'rs of eve,)
" Why didst thou ever these green vallies leave?"

THE

SYLPH OF SUMMER:

OR,

AIR.

AN INVOCATION.

INSCRIBED TO

WILLIAM SOTHEBY, ESQ.

The following was written as part of a projected Poem on the " ELEMENTS,"—AIR, EARTH, FIRE, WATER. *The subject is in every respect capable of the highest poetical ornament. I leave it to abler writers, having closed my book for ever.*

THE

SYLPH OF SUMMER;

OR,

A I R.

"GOD SAID, LET THERE BE LIGHT, AND THERE WAS LIGHT!"

At once the glorious SUN, at his command,
From space illimitable, void and dark,
Sprung jubilant, and angel Hierarchies,
Whose long Hosannah peal'd from orb to orb,
Sung, GLORY BE TO THEE, GOD OF ALL WORLDS!

Then beautiful the ball of this Terrene
Roll'd in the beam of first-created day,
And all its ELEMENTS obey'd the voice
Of HIM, the great CREATOR; AIR, and FIRE,

Subject.

And EARTH, and WATER; each its ministry
Perform'd, while CHAOS from his ebon throne
Leap'd up; and so magnificent, and deck'd,
And mantled in its ambient atmosphere,
The living world began its state!

To Thee,
SPIRIT of AIR, I lift the vent'rous song,
Whose viewless presence fills the living scene,
Whose element ten thousand thousand wings
Fan joyous; o'er whose fields the morning clouds
Ride high; whose rule the lightning-shafts obey,
And the deep THUNDER's long-careering march!

The Winds too are thy subjects; from the breeze,
That like a child upon a holiday
On the high mountain's van pursues the down
Of the grey thistle, ere the autumnal show'r
Steals soft, and mars his pastime; to the King

Of Hurricanes, that sounds his mighty shell,
And bids TORNADO sweep the Western world.

SYLPH OF THE SUMMER GALE, to thee I call!
O come, when now gay JUNE is in her car,
Wafting the breath of roses, as she moves,—
Come to this garden bow'r, which I have hung
With tendrils, and the fragrant eglantine,
And mandrake, rich with many-mantling stars.

'Tis pleasant, when thy breath is on the leaves
Without, to rest in this embowering shade,
And mark the green fly, circling to and fro,
O'er the still water, with his dragon wings
Shooting from bank to bank, now in quick turns,
Then swift athwart, as is the gazer's glance,
Pursuing still his mate; they, with delight,
As if they mov'd in morris, to the sound
Amusive of this ever-dripping rill,

Now in advance, now in retreat, now round,
Dart through their mazy rings, and seem to say
"THE SUMMER AND THE SUN ARE OURS."
But THOU,
SYLPH OF THE SUMMER GALE, delay awhile
Thy airy flight, whilst here FRANCESCA leans,
And, charm'd by OSSIAN's harp, seems in the breeze
"To hear Malvina's plaint;" THOU to her ear
Come unperceiv'd, "like music of the song,
"From CONA's vale of streams;" *then* with the bee,
That sounds his horn, busy'd from flow'r to flow'r,
Speed o'er the yellow meadows, breathing ripe
Their summer incense; or amid the furze,
That paints with bloom intense the upland crofts,
With momentary essence tinge thy wings;
Or in the grassy lanes, one after one,
Lift light the nodding foxglove's purple bell.
Thence, to the distant sea, and where the flag
Hangs idly down, without a wavy curl,

Thou hover o'er the topmast, or extend
The full and flowing main-sail: "Steadily,"
The helmsman cries, as now thy breath is heard
Among the stirring cordage o'er his head,
"So, steadily," he cries, as right he steers,
"Speeds our proud ship along the world of waves."'

SYLPH, may thy fav'ring breath more gently blow,
More gently round the temples, and the cheek,
Of Him, who, leaving HOME and friends behind,
In silence musing on the rail-way leans,
And watches every passing shade that marks
The southern Channel's fast-retiring line;
Then, as the ship rolls on, keeps a long look
Fix'd on the less'ning LIZARD,* the last point
Of that delightful country, where he left
All his fond hopes behind: it lessens still,

* The last point of Cornwall.

(Lucid, and painted like the butterfly's)
Waves to and from, most musically rings,
Sometimes in joyance, as the flaunting leaf
Of the white poplar, sometimes sad and slow,
As bearing pensive airs from Pity's grave.

Soft child of AIR, thou tendest on his sway,
As gentle ARIEL at the bidding hies
Of mighty PROSPERO; yet other WINDS
Throng to his wizard hest, INSPIRING some,
Some MELANCHOLY, and yet soothing much
The drooping wanderer in the fading copse;
Some TERRIBLE, with solitude, and DEATH
Attendant on their march:—the wild SIMOOM,*
Riding on whirling spires of burning sand,
That move along the Nubian wilderness,
And bury deep the silent caravan:—

* Simoom, Sameel, destructive winds in the deserts of Asia. See Bruce, &c.

Various Winds.

MONSOON, up-starting from his half-year sleep,
Upon the vernal shores of Indostan,
And tempesting with sounds of torrent rain,
And hail, the dark'ning main:—and red SAMEEL
Blasting, and with'ring, like a rivell'd leaf,
The pilgrim, as he roams:—SIROCCO* sad,
That pants, all summer, on the cloudless shores
Of faint Parthenope:†—Deep in the mine‡
Oft lurks the lurid messenger of death,
The ghastly fiend that blows, when the pale light
Quivers, and leaves the gasping wretch to die:—
The imp,§ that when the hollow curfew knolls,
Wanders the misty marish, lighting it
At night, with errant and fantastic flame:—
SPIRIT OF AIR, these are thy ministers,
That wait thy will; but THOU art all in all,

* A wind that is particularly felt at Naples, inducing extreme dejection. See Swinburne.

† Naples. ‡ Damps in mines.

§ Ignis fatuus, commonly called Jack o' Lantern.

And dead without thee were the flow'r, the leaf,
The waving forest rivell'd, the great sea
Still, the lithe birds of heav'n extinct, and ceas'd
The soul of melting music.

This fair scene
Lives in thy tender touch, for so it seems;
Whilst universal nature owns thy sway,—
From the mute insect on the summer pool,
That with long cobweb legs (firm as on earth
The ostridge skims) flits idly to and fro,
Making no dimple, on the wat'ry mass;
To the huge Grampus, spouting, as he rolls,
A cataract, amid the cold clear sky,
And furrowing far and wide the northern deep.

Thy presence permeates and fills the whole!
As the poor butterfly, that painted gay,
With mealy wings, red, amber, white, or dropp'd
With golden stains, floats o'er the yellow corn,

Air.

Idly, as bent on pastime, while the morn
Smiles on his devious voyage; if inclos'd
In the exhausted prison,* whence thy breath
With suction slow is drawn; he feels the change
How dire! in palsied inanition drops!
Weak flags his weary wing, and weaker yet:
His frame with tremulous convulsion moves,
A moment, and the next is still in death.

So were the great and glorious world itself;
The tenants of its continents, all ceas'd!
A wide, a motionless, a putrid waste,
Its Seas! How droops the languid mariner,
When not a breath, along the heavy main,
Strays on the sultry surface as it sleeps;
When far away the winds are flown, to dash
The congregated ocean on the Cape

* Air-pump.

Of Southern Africa, leaving, the while,
The flood's vast surface, noiseless, waveless, white,
Beneath MOSAMBIC's long-reflected woods,
A gleamy mirror, spread from east to west,
Where the still ship, as on a bed of glass,
Sits motionless. Awake, ye hurricanes,
Ye winds, that harrow up the wintry waste,
Awake; for THUNDER in his sounding car,
Flashing thick lightnings from the rolling wheels,
And the red volley, charg'd with instant death,
Were music to this ling'ring, sick'ning calm,
The same eternal sunshine; still,—all still,—
Without a vapour, or a sound.

If thus,
Beneath the burning breathless atmosphere,
Faint Nature sick'ning droop; who shall ascend
The height, where silence, since the world began,
Has sat on CIMBORAZO's highest peak,

Highest Mountains.

A thousand toises o'er the cloud's career,
Soaring in finest æther? Far below,
He sees the mountains burning at his feet,
Whose smoke ne'er reach'd his forehead: never there,
Though the black whirlwind shake the distant shores,
The passing gale has murmur'd: never there,
The eagle's cry has echo'd; never there
The solitary CONDOR'S weary wing
Hath yet ascended.

Let the rising thought,
Beyond the confines of this vapoury vault,
Be lifted, to the boundless VOID of SPACE,
How dread, how infinite! where other worlds,
Ten million and ten million leagues aloft,
In other precincts with their shadows roll.
There roams the sole erratic COMET, borne
With lightning speed, yet twice three hundred years
Its destin'd course accomplishing,

Then whirl'd,
Far from th' attractive orb of central fire,
Back through the dim and infinite abyss.
DREAD FLAMING VISITANT, ere thou return,
Empires may rise and fall; the palaces,
That shone on earth, may vanish like the dews
Of morning, scarce illumin'd ere they fly.
DREAD FLAMING VISITANT, who that pursues
Thy long and lonely voyage, e'en in thought,
(Till thought itself seem in the effort lost,)
But tremblingly exclaims, "THERE IS A GOD:"
"There is a GOD, who lights ten thousand suns,*
"Round which revolve WORLDS WHEELING AMID
"WORLDS.
"HE launch'd thy voyage through the vast abyss,
"HE hears his UNIVERSE, through all its orbs,
"As with one voice, proclaim,
"THERE IS A GOD!"

* Fixed stars.

Lifted above this dim diurnal sphere,
So Fancy, rising with her theme, ascends,
And voyaging th' illimitable Void,
Where Comets flame, sees other worlds and suns
Emerge, and on this earth, like a dim speck,
Looks down: nor in the WONDERFUL and VAST
Of the dread scene magnificent, she views
Alone, th' ALMIGHTY RULER, but the web
That shines in summer time, and only seen
In the slant sunbeam, wakes a moral thought.

In autumn, when the thin long spider gains
The leafy bush's top, he from his seat,
Shoots the soft filament, like threads of air*,

* "Air-threads, in natural history, a name given to the long filaments so frequently seen in autumn, shooting about the air. These threads are the work of spiders, especially of that species called the Long-legged Field-Spider; which, having mounted to the summit of a bush or tree, darts from its tail several of these threads, till one is produced capable of supporting the creature in the air: on this it mounts in quest of prey, and frequently rises to a very considerable height. Nor does the spider that has thus raised itself, descend by the same thread; it often winds that up, and darts out another more or less long, as the creature intends a higher or lower flight."—*Philosophical Dictionary.*

Air-Threads.

Scarce seen, into the sky, and thus sustain'd,
Boldly ascends into the breezy void,
Dependent on the trembling line he wove,
Insidious, and intent on scenes of spoil
And Death:—So mounts AMBITION, and aloft,
On his proud summit, meditates new scenes
Of plunder and dominion, till the breeze
Of fortune change, that blows to empty air
His feeble frail support, and once again
Leaves him a reptile, struggling in the dust!

But what the world itself, what, in HIS view,
Whose dread Omnipotence is over ALL?
A twinkling air-thread in the VAST of space.
And what the works of that proud insect, Man?
His Mausoleums, Fanes, and Pyramids,
Frown in the dusk of long-revolving years,
While generations, as they rise, and drop,
Each following each, to silence and to dust,

Reflections.

Point as they pass, and say, "It was a God*
"That made them:" but nor date, nor name,
Oblivion shews; cloud only—rolling on,
And wrapping darker, as it rolls, the works
Of Man!

Now rais'd on Contemplation's wing,
The blue vault, fervent with unnumber'd stars,
He ranges: speeds, as with an angel's flight,
From orb to orb; sees distant suns illume
The boundless space, then bends his head to earth,
So poor is all he knows!

O'er sanguine fields
Now rides he, arm'd and crested like the God
Of FABLED BATTLES: where he points, pale DEATH
Strides over weltering carcases, nor leaves,——

* So the Arabs say, speaking of the stupendous monuments in the deserts.

Transition to

But still a horrid shadow, step by step,
Stalks mocking after him, till now the noise
Of rolling acclamation, and the shout
Of multitude on multitude, is past:
The scene of all his triumphs, wormy Earth
Closes upon his perishable pride,
For "DUST HE IS, AND SHALL TO DUST RETURN!"

But "CONSCIENCE," a small voice from Heav'n replies,
"CONSCIENCE SHALL MEET HIM IN ANOTHER "WORLD."

"Let Man then walk, meek, humble, pure, and just,
"Though meek, yet dignify'd, though humble, rais'd,
"The Heir of Life and Immortality:
"Conscious that in this awful world he stands,
"HE ONLY of all living things, ordain'd,
"To think, and know, and feel, THERE IS A GOD!"

Winter Scene.

CHILD OF THE AIR, though most I love to hear
Thy gentle summons whisper, when the Spring,
At the first carol of the village lark,
Looks out and smiles, or June is in her car;
Not undelightful is the purer air
In Winter, when the keen North-East is high,
When Frost fantastic his cold garland weaves
Of brittle flow'rs, or soft-succeeding snows
Gather without apace, and heavy load
The berry'd sweet-brier, clinging to my pane.
The black-bird, then, that marks the ruddy pods,
Peep through the snow, though silent is his song,
Yet, press'd by cold and hunger, ventures near.

The Robin-group familiar muster round
The garden-shed, where at his dinner set,
The labour'd hind strews here and there a crumb
From his brown bread; then heedless of the winds

Gardener and Robins.

That blow without, and sweep the shiver'd snow,
Sees from his broken tube the smoke ascend.
On an inverted barrow, as in state,
He sits, though poor, the monarch of the scene,
As pondering deep the garden's future state,
His kingdom; the rude instruments of death,
Lie at his feet, fashion'd with simple skill,
With which he hopes to snare the prowling race,
The mice, rapacious of his vernal hopes.

So seated, on the spring he ruminates,
And solemn as a Sophi,* moves nor hand,
Nor eye, till haply some more vent'rous bird,
(The crumbs exhausted that he lately strew'd
Upon the groundsill,) with often dipping beak,
And sidelong look, as asking larger dole,
Comes trotting to his feet: and say, ye great,

* Title of the Persian Emperor.

Return.

Ye mighty monarchs of this earthly scene,
What nobler views can elevate the heart
Of a proud Patriot King, than thus to chase
The bold rapacious spoilers from the field,
And with an eye of merciful regard,
To look on humble worth, wet from the storm,
And chill'd by indigence.

But thoughts like these,
Ill suit the radiant Summer's rosy prime,
And the still temper of the calm blue sky.
The sunny show'r is past; at intervals
The silent sunny drops descend: and mark,
Upon the blue bank of yon western cloud,
That looms direct against th' emerging orb,
How bright, how beautiful the rainbow hues
Steal forth; how stately bends the colour'd arch
Above the hills, and tinging at its foot

The mead and trees. Fancy might think young HOPE
Pants for the vision, and with ardent eye
Pursues the unreal shade, and spreads her hands,
Weeping to see it fade, as all her dreams
Have faded.

These, Oh AIR, are but the toys,
That sometimes deck thy fairy element;
So oft the eye observant loves to trace
The colours, and the shadows, and the forms,
That wander o'er the veering atmosphere.
See, in the East, the rare PARHELIA* shine
In mimic glory, and so seem to mock
(Fix'd parallel to the ascending orb)

* "About ten o'clock in the morning, I saw, after an Aurora Borealis the night before, an attempt towards *two mock*-suns. In about three quarters of an hour afterwards, I went to view the heavens, and found the appearance complete;—I mean two-plain Parhelia, or mock-suns, tolerably bright and distinct, in the two intersections of a strong and large portion of an Halo—parallel to the horizon, passing through the true Sun."

Philosophical Transactions.—Paper by Whiston.

the Air.

The majesty, the splendour, and the form,
Of the sole luminary that informs
The world, with light and heat. The HALO-RING
Bends over all.

With desultory shafts,
And long and arrowy glance, the Night-Lights shoot*
Pale coruscations o'er the northern sky,
Now lancing to the cope, in sheets of flame,
Now wav'ring wild, as the reflected wave,
On the arch'd roof of the umbrageous grot.
Hence SUPERSTITION dreams of armaments,
Of fiery conflicts, and of bleeding fields
Of slaughter; so on GREAT JERUSALEM,
Ere yet she fell, the flaming meteor glar'd,
A waving sword ensanguin'd seem'd to point

* Aurora Borealis.

To the devoted city, and a voice
Was heard,——— " Depart, depart."*

The Atmosphere,
That with the ceaseless carry of its clouds,
Encircles the round globe, resembles oft
The passing sunshine, or the glooms, that stray
O'er every human spirit.

Thin light streaks
Of thought, pass vap'ry o'er the vacant mind,
And fade to nothing: Now fantastic gleams
Play, flashing, or expiring, of gay Hope,
Or deep Despair: then clouds of sadness close,
In one dark settl'd gloom, and all the man
Droops, in despondence lost.

* From Josephus.

Aërial tints
Please most the pensive Poet: and the views
He forms, though evanescent, and as vain
As the Air's mockery, seem to his eye,
Ev'n as substantial images, and shapes,
Till in a hurrying rack they all dissolve.

So in the cloudless sky, amusive shines
The soft and mimic scenery; distant hills,
That, in refracted light, hang beautiful
Beneath the golden car of Eve, ere yet
The day-light ling'ring fades.

Hence, on the heights
Of APENNINE, far stretching to the south,
The Goat-herd, while the west'ring sun, far off,
Hangs o'er the hazy ocean's brim, beholds
In the horizon's faintly-glowing verge

Atmospheric

A landscape,* like the rainbow, rise, with rocks
That soften'd shine, and shores that trend away,
Beneath the winding woods of SICILY,
And ETNA, smould'ring in the still pale sky;
And dim MESSINA, with her spires, and bays
That wind amid the mountains, and the tow'r
Of FARO, gleaming on the tranquil straits;
Unreal all, yet on the air impress'd,
From light's refracted ray,† the shadow seems
The certain scene: the Hind astonish'd views,
Yet most delighted, till at once, the light
Changes, and all is vanish'd!

But to HIM,
How different in still air th' unreal view,

* A curious effect of vision in the air from refraction, by which objects appear distinct, and as real, which are below the horizon. This often appears on the coast of Italy, and has been sometimes observed from our shores, where a line of the opposite coast appears.

† The Fata Morgana are all explained in books; the effect is ascribed to reflection and refraction, as one alone will not correspond with the effects. The time when they occur is not the evening; but the looming in our country is towards the evening.

Appearances.

Who wanders in Arabian solitudes,
When, faint with thirst, he sees illusive streams*
Shine in the arid desert!

All around,
A silent waste of dark grey sand is spread,
Like ashes; not a speck in heav'n appears,
But the red sun, high in his burning noon,
Shoots down intolerable fire: no sound
Of beast, or blasts, or moving insect, wakes
The horrid stillness. Oh! what hand will guide
The Pilgrim, panting in the trackless dust,
To where the pure and sparkling fountain cheers
The green Oasis.† See, (as now his lip
Hangs parch'd and quiv'ring,) see! before him spread
The long and level lake!

* The mirage: see Denon.

† Green spots in the Desert.

He gazes—still—
He gazes, till he drops upon the sands,
And to the vision stretches, as he faints,
His feeble hand.

Come, SYLPH OF SUMMER, come,
Return to these green pastures, that remote
From fiery blasts, or deadly blistering frosts,
Beneath the Temperate Atmosphere rejoice.

A Crown of Flame, a javelin in his hand,
Like the red arrow that the lightning shoots
Through night, impetuous steeds, and burning wheels,
That, as they whirl, flash to the cope of Heav'n,
Proclaim the ANGEL OF THE WORLD OF FIRE!

The Ocean-King, LORD OF THE WATER, rides
High on his hissing car, whose concave skirrs
The azure deep beneath him, flashing wide,

Air.—Sylph of Summer.

(As to the sun the dark-green wave upturns,)
And foaming far behind: Sea-horses breast
The bick'ring surge, with nostrils sounding far,
And eyes that flash above the wave, and necks,
Whose mane, like breakers whit'ning in the wind,
Toss through the broken foam: He, kingly, bears
His trident sceptre high; around him play
Neriads, and sea-maids, singing as he rides
Their choral song: huge TRITON weltering on,
With scaly train, at times, his wreathed shell
Sounds, that the caverns of Old Ocean shake!

But milder THOU, soft Daughter of the AIR,
SYLPH OF THE SUMMER, come! the silent shower
Is past, and mid the dripping fern, the wren
Peeps, till the sun looks through the clouds again.

Oh, come, and breathe thy gentler influence,
And send a home-felt quiet to my heart,

Return to Garden-Scene.

Sooth'd as I hear, by fits, thy whisper run,
Stirring the tall ACACIA's pendant leaves,
And through yon hazel alley, rustling soft
Upon the vacant ear.

Yon Eastern Downs
That weather-fence the blossoms of the vale,
(Where winds from hill to hill the mighty Dike,*
Of Woden nam'd, with many an antique mound,
The warrior's grave,) bids EXERCISE awake,
And HEALTH, the breeze of morning to inhale:
Meantime, remote from storms, the myrtle blooms
Beneath my southern sash.

The hurricane
May rend the pines of snowy Labrador,
The blasting whirl-winds of the desert sweep

* Wandsdike, on the Marlborough Downs, opposite.

The Nubian Wilderness—we fear them not,—
Nor yet, my Country, do thy breezes bear,
From citrons, or the blooming orange-grove,
As in Rousillon's jasmine-bordered vales,
Incense at eve.

But temperate airs are thine,
ENGLAND; and as thy climate, so thy sons
Partake the temper of thine isle, not rude,
Nor soft, voluptuous, or effeminate;
Sincere, indeed, and hardy, as becomes
Those who can lift their look elate, and say,
'We strike for injur'd Freedom;" and yet mild,
And gentle, when the voice of Charity
Pleads like a voice from Heav'n: and, thanks to GOD,
The chain, that fetter'd AFRIC's groaning race,
The murd'rous chain, that, link by link, dropp'd blood,
Is sever'd; we have lost that foul reproach
To all our virtuous boast!

HUMANITY,

England is thine! not *that* false substitute,
That meretricious sadness, which, all sighs
For lark or lambkin, yet can hear unmov'd
The bloodiest orgies of blood-bolter'd FRANCE;
Thine is consistent, manly, rational,
Nor needing the false glow of sentiment,
To melt it into sympathy, but mild,
And looking with a gentle eye on all.—
Thy Manners open, social, yet refin'd,
Are temper'd with reflection: GAIETY,
In her long-lighted halls, may lead the dance,
Or wake the sprightly chord; yet Nature, Truth,
Still warm th' ingenuous heart: there is a blush
With those most gay, and lovely; and a tear
With those most manly!

TEMPERATE LIBERTY

Hath yet the fairest altar on thy shores;

Such, and so warm with Patriot energy,
As rais'd its arm, when a false Stuart* fled;
Yet mingled with deep Wisdom's cautious lore,
That when it bade a "Papal Tyrant" pause
And tremble, held th' undeviating reins
On the fierce neck of head-long ANARCHY.

Thy CHURCH,† (nor here let zealot bigotry,
Vaunting, condemn all altars but its own,)
Thy Church, majestic, but not sumptuous,
Sober, but not austere, with lenity
Tempering her fair pre-eminence, sustains
Her liberal charities, yet decent state.

* James the Second.

† There is an old establishment of Moravians in a hamlet belonging to Bremhill; and I am happy to bear public testimony to their inoffensive manners, and exemplary conduct. Speaking of the Church of England, Mr. Falconer, in his energetic Sermon on the 5th of November, before the University of Oxford, says most truly, "Persecution is not an article in the "Primer of Protestants: *we have no opinions on which we could found it.*"

Conclusion.

THE TEMPEST IS ABROAD; the fearful sounds
Of armament, and gathering tumult, fill
The ear of anxious Europe: If, oh GOD!
It is thy will, that in the storm of death,
When we have lifted the brave sword in vain,
We too should sink, sustain us in that hour!

Meantime be mine, in cheerful privacy,
To wait thy will, not sanguine, nor depress'd;
In even course, nor splendid, nor obscure,
To steal through life among my villagers!—
The hum of the discordant crowd, the buzz
Of Faction, the poor fly that threads the air
Self-pleas'd, the wasp that points its tiny sting
Unfelt, pass by me "LIKE THE IDLE WIND
THAT I REGARD NOT;" while the SUMMER-SYLPH,
That whispers through the laurels, wakes the thought
Of quietude, and home-felt happiness,
And INDEPENDENCE IN A LAND I LOVE!

ON READING

FRAGMENTS BY A YOUNG LADY,

Lately deceased.

OH! wert thou then some gentle spirit pure,
Sent on this earth, to teach, exalt, allure;
And scarce the task perform'd, to close thine eyes
On human griefs, and human vanities?

Yes! GENTLE SPIRIT, in the bloom of youth,
T'was thine to teach Faith, Meekness, Wisdom, Truth;
To look on Nature with a Poet's glance,
Yet scorn the sickly fopp'ries of Romance;
With modesty and learning,* side by side,
Win, without art, excell, yet feel no pride!

* Alluding to part of the Book of Job, translated from the original by this extraordinary Young Lady.

Alas! a harder task remain'd,—to bear,
Meekly, the weight of sickness, and of care;
The long-lov'd landscapes of the peaceful WYE,
And PIERCEFIELD's rocks, to leave without a sigh;
In disappointment and distress, to cheer
A Mother's grief, and steal away her tear;
Then sink thyself, consuming by degrees,
Beneath the wasting touch of slow disease;
Sink, pale, and paler still, yet wear the while
The same calm sweetness, the same gentle smile!

He who could see, slow-sinking into shade,
Virtues, like these, unfolded but to fade,
Nor feel one tear of gen'rous pity start,
Tho' to thy name unknown, has not a human heart!

THE

HARP OF HOEL,

A LYRICAL BALLAD.

INSCRIBED TO

SIR RICHARD COLT HOARE, BART.

The following Lyrical Ballad, if it be not very poetical, I trust, will be found free from the extremes of false simplicity, or false ornament. It is founded on a story connected with an old Welch tune. I have placed the circumstance in the time of preaching the Crusade, of which there is so interesting an account in Giraldus.

THE

HARP OF HOEL.

IT was a high and holy sight,
When BALDWIN* and his train,
With cross and crosier gleaming bright,
Came chanting slow the solemn rite,
To GWENTLAND'S† pleasant plain.

High wav'd before, in crimson pride,
The Banner of the Cross;
The silver Rood was then descry'd,
While Deacon youths, from side to side,
The fuming censer toss.

* Archbishop of Canterbury, who preached the Crusade in Wales.
† Monmouthshire.

The Monks went two and two along,
And winding through the glade,
Sung, as they pass'd, a holy song,
And harps and citterns, mid the throng,
A mingled music made.

They ceas'd: when lifting high his hand,
The white-rob'd Prelate cry'd,
" Arise, arise, at CHRIST's command,
" To fight for his name in the Holy Land,
" Where a SAVIOUR liv'd and died."

With gloves of steel, and good broad-sword,
And plumed helm of brass,
HOEL, Landoga's* youthful Lord,
To hear the Father's holy world,
Came riding to the pass.

More earnestly the Prelate spake,
" Oh heed no earthly loss!
" He who will friends and home forsake,
" Now let him kneel, and fearless take
" The sign of the Holy Cross."

Then many a Maid her tresses rent,
And sad did her Love implore;
" Oh, go not THOU to banishment!
" For me, and the pleasant vales of GWENT,
" Thou never wilt see more."

* Landoga is situated near the Wye. " The river here makes a fine curve, whose right skreen is formed by a very extensive and lofty hill, every part of which is studded with cottages, from within a few yards of the Wye to the utmost summit of its rise.

Heath's Historical and Descriptive Account of Tintern.

And many a Mother, pale with fears,
Did kiss her infant son;
Said, "Who will shield thy helpless years,
"Who dry thy widow'd mother's tears,
"When thy Father, who lov'd us, is gone?"

"GOD," with firm voice, the Prelate cry'd,
"GOD will the orphan bless;
"Sustain the widow's heart, and guide
"Through the hard world, obscure and wild,
"The poor and fatherless."

Then might you see a shade o'ercast
Brave HOEL'S ruddy hue,
But soon the moment's thought is past,—
"Hark, hark, it is the trumpet's blast!"
And he grasp'd his bow of yew.

Then might you see a moment's gloom
Sit on brave HOEL's eye;
"Make in the stranger's land my tomb,
"I follow Thee, be it my doom,
"O CHRIST, to live or die!"

No more he thought, though rich in fee,
Of any earthly loss,
But lighting, on his bended knee,
Said, "Father, here I take from thee
"The sign of the Holy Cross."

"I have a wife, to me more dear
"Than is my own heart's blood;
"I have a child"—(a starting tear,
Which soon he wip'd, of love sincere,
On his stern eye-lid stood.)

"To these FAREWELL! O God above,
"Thine is the fate of war;
"But oh! reward GWENLHIAN'S* love,
"And may my son a comfort prove,
"When I am distant far.

"FAREWELL, MY HARP!—away, away!
"To the field of death I go;
"Welcome the trumpet's blast—the neigh
"Of my bold and barbed steed of grey,
"And the clang of the steel cross-bow!"

GWENLHIAN sat in the hall at night,
Counting the heavy hours;
She saw the moon, with tranquil light,
Shine on the circling mountain's height,
And the dim castle tow'rs.

* The Welch tune is called the "Remembrance of Gwenlhian," the name of the woman.

Deep stillness was on hill and glen,
When she heard a bugle blow;
A trump from the watch-tow'r answer'd then,
And the tramp of steeds, and the voice of men,
Were heard in the court below.

The watch-dog started at the noise,
Then crouch'd at his master's feet;
He knew his step, he heard his voice;
But who can now like *her* rejoice,
Who flies her own Lord to greet?

And soon her arms his neck enfold,
'But whence that alter'd mien?
'O say, then, is thy love grown cold,
'Or hast thou been hurt by the robbers bold,
'That won in the Forest of Dean?'

" Oh no," he cry'd, " the GOD above,
" Who all my soul can see,
" Knows my sincere, my fervent love :—
" If aught my stern resolve could move,
" It were *one* tear from thee.

" But I have sworn, in the HOLY LAND,—
" Need I the sequel speak ?"
' Too well,' she cry'd, ' I understand !'
Then grasp'd in agony his hand,
And hid her face on his cheek.

" My lov'd GWENLHIAN, weep not so,
" From the lid that tear I kiss ;
" Though to the wars far off I go,
" Betide me weal, betide me woe,
" We yet may meet in bliss."

Fourteen suns their course had roll'd,
When firmly thus he spake:
" Hear now my last request,—behold
" This ring,—it is of purest gold,—
" Thou keep it for my sake!

" When summers sev'n have rob'd each tree,
" And cloth'd the vales with green,
" If I come not back, then thou art free,
" To wed, or not, and to think of me,
" As I had never been!

" Nay, answer not,—what would'st thou say?
" Come, let my harp be brought;
" For the last time, I fain would play,
" Ere yet we part, our fav'rite lay,
" And cheat severer thought."

THE AIR.

OH, cast ev'ry care to the wind,
And dry, best-beloved, the tear!
Secure, that thou ever shalt find,
The friend of thy bosom sincere.
Still friendship shall live in the breast of the brave,
And we'll love, the long day, where the forest-trees wave.

I have felt each emotion of bliss,
That affection the fondest can prove,
Have receiv'd on my lip the first kiss
Of thy holy and innocent love.

But perish each hope of delight,
Like the flashes of night on the sea,
If ever, tho' far from thy sight,
My soul is forgetful of Thee!
Still the mem'ry shall live in the breast of the brave,
How we lov'd, the long day, where the forest-trees wave.

"Now bring my Boy:—May GOD above
"Show'r blessings on his head!
"May he requite his mother's love,
"And to her age a comfort prove,
"When I perhaps am dead."

The beams of morn on his helm did play,
And aloud the bugle blew,
Then he leap'd on his harness'd steed of grey,
And sigh'd to the winds as he gallopp'd away,—
"Adieu, my heart's Love, adieu!"

And now he has join'd the warrior train
Of knights and barons bold,
That, bound to Salem's holy plain,
Along the gently-swelling main,
Their course exulting hold.

With a cross of gold, as on they pass'd,
The crimson streamers flew;
The shields hung glitt'ring round the mast,
(That on the waves a radiance cast,)
And all the trumpets blew.

O'er the Severn-surge, in long array,
So, the proud gallies went,
Till soon, as dissolv'd in æther grey,
The woods, and the shores, and the HOLMS* steal away,
And the long blue hills of GWENT.

END OF PART I.

* Islands in the Bristol Channel.

THE

HARP OF HOEL.

PART II.

HIGH on the hill, with moss o'ergrown,
A Hermit Chapel stood;
It spoke the tale of seasons gone,
And half-reveal'd its ivy'd stone,
Amid the beechen wood.

Here often, when the mountain trees
A "leafy murmur" made,
Now still, now swaying to the breeze,
(Sounds that the musing fancy please,)
The widow'd mourner stray'd.

And many a morn she climb'd the steep,
From whence she might behold,
Beneath the clouds, in shining sweep,
And mingling with the mighty Deep,
The sea-broad SEVERN roll'd.

Her little boy beside her play'd,
With sea-shells in his hand;
And sometimes, mid the bents delay'd,
And sometimes running onward, said,
"Oh, where is Holy Land?"

'My child,' she cry'd, 'my prattler dear!'
And kiss'd his light-brown hair;—
Her eye-lid glisten'd with a tear,
And none but GOD above could hear,
That hour, her secret pray'r.

As thus she nurs'd her secret woes,
Oft to the wind and rain
She listen'd, at sad Autumn's close,
Whilst many a thronging shadow rose,
Dark-glancing o'er her brain.

Now, lonely to the cloudy height
Of the steep hill she strays;
Below, the raven wings his flight,
And often on the screaming kite
She sees the wild deer gaze.

The clouds were gather'd on its brow,
The warring winds were high;
She heard a hollow voice, and now
She lifts to heav'n a secret vow,
Whilst the king of the storm rides by.

" Seated on a craggy rock,
" What aged man appears?
" There is no hind—no straggling flock—
" Comes the strange shade my thoughts to mock,
" And shake my soul with fears?"

Fast drive the hurrying clouds of morn.—
A pale Man stands confess'd;
With look majestic, tho' forlorn,
A MIRROR in his hand, and HORN
Of IVORY on his breast.

" Daughter of grief," he gently said,
And beckon'd her, " come near,—
" Now say, what would you give to me,
" If you brave HOEL's form might see,
" Or the sound of his bugle hear?"

'HOEL, my love, where'er thou art,
'All England I would give,*
'If,—never, never more to part,—
'I now could hold thee to my heart,
'For whom alone I live.'

He plac'd the white horn to her ear,
And sudden a sweet voice
Stole gently, as of fairies near,
While accents soft she seem'd to hear,
"Daughter of grief, rejoice,

"For soon to love and thee I fly,
"From SALEM'S hallow'd plain!"—

* 'Wales, England, and Llewellyn,
'All would I give for a sight of William.'
Giraldus, vol. i. *p.* 46.

The MIRROR caught her turning eye,—
As pale in death she saw him lie,
And sinking mid the slain.

She turn'd to the strange Phantom-Man,
But she only saw the sky,
And the clouds on the lonely mountains van,
And the CLYDDEN-SHOOTS,* that rushing ran,
To meet the waves of WYE.

Thus sev'n long years had pass'd away,—
She heard no voice of mirth;
No minstrel rais'd his festive lay,
At the sad close of drisly day,
Beside the blazing hearth.

* "Nearly through the centre of the hill that backs the village (Landoga) is a deep ravine, called Clydden-Shoots, which, when the springs are full, forms a beautiful cascade."—*Heath.*

She seem'd in sorrow, yet serene,—
No tear was on her face;
And lighting oft her pensive mien,
Upon her languid look was seen
A meek attractive grace.

In beauty's train she yet might vie,
For tho' in mourning weeds,
No friar, I deem, that passed by,
Ere saw her dark, yet gentle eye,
But straight forgot his beads.

EINEON, the gen'rous and the good,
Alone with friendship's aid,
(EINEON, of princely RHYS's blood,
Who mid the bravest archers stood,)
To sooth her griefs essay'd.

He had himself been early try'd
By stern misfortune's doom;
For she who lov'd him droop'd and died,
And on the green hill's flow'ry side
He rais'd her grassy tomb.

What wonder, in his lonely heart,
To faith and friendship true,
If, when her griefs she did impart,
And tears of mem'ry oft would start,
If—MORE than pity grew.

With converse mild he oft would seek
To sooth her sense of care;
As the west wind, with breathings weak,
Wakes, on poor HECTIC's faded cheek,
A smile of faint despair.

The summer's eve was calm and still,
When once his harp he strung;
Soft as the twilight on the hill,
Affection seem'd his heart to fill,
Whilst eloquent he sung:

" WHEN Fortune to all thy warm hopes was unkind,
" And the morn of thy youth was o'erclouded with
" woe,
" In me, not a stranger to grief, thou should'st find,
" All that friendship, and kindness, and truth could
" bestow.

" Yes, the time it has been, when my soul was oppress,
" But no longer this heart would for heaviness pine,
" Could I lighten the load of an innocent breast,
" And steal but a moment of sadness from thine."

He paus'd, then with a starting tear,
And trembling accent, cry'd,
" O Lady, hide that look severe,—
" The voice of love, of friendship hear,
" And be again a bride.

" Mourn not much-lov'd HOEL lost,—
" Lady, he is dead, is dead,—
" Far distant wanders his pale ghost,—
" His bones by the white surge are toss'd,—
" And the wave rolls over his head."

She said, ' Sev'n years their course have roll'd,
' Since thus brave HOEL spake,
' When last I heard his voice,' " Behold,
" This ring,—it is of purest gold,
" Thou keep it for my sake."

" When summers sev'n have rob'd each tree,
" And deck'd the combs with green,
" If I come not back, then thou art free,
" To wed, or not, and to think of me,
" As I had never been."

' Those SEV'N sad summers now are o'er,
' And THREE I yet demand;
' If in that space I see no more
' The friend I ever must deplore,
' Then take a mourner's hand.'

The time is pass'd:—the laugh, the lay,
The nuptial feast proclaim:
From many a rushing torrent grey,
From many a wild brook's wand'ring way,
The hoary minstrels came.

From KYMIN'S crag, with fragments strew'd,
From SKIRID, bleak and high;
From PENALT'S shaggy solitude,*
From WINDCLIFF, desolate and rude,
That frowns o'er the mazy WYE.

With harps the gall'ry glitter'd bright,—
The pealing rafters rung;
Far off upon the woods of night,
From the tall window's arch, the light
Of tapers clear was flung.

The harpers ceas'd th' acclaiming lay,—
When with descending beard
Scallop, and staff his steps to stay,
As foot-sore by his weary way,
A Pilgrim wan appear'd.

* Penalt, above the Severn, at this time a forest.

"Now lend me a harp for St. Mary's sake,
"For I my skill would try
"A poor man's offering to make,
"If happy still my hand may wake
"Some pleasant melody."

With scoffs the minstrel-crowd reply'd,
'Dost thou a harp request?'
And loud in mirth, and swell'd with pride,
Some his rain-dripping hair deride,
And some, his sordid vest.

"Pilgrim, a harp shall soon be found,"
Young HOEL instant cry'd;
"There lies a harp upon the ground,
"And none hath ever heard its sound,
"Since my brave Father died."

The Harp is brought: upon the frame
A filmy cobweb hung;
The strings were few:—yet 'twas the same,—
The old man drawing near the flame,
The chords imperfect rung:

AIR.

"OH! cast ev'ry care to the wind,
"And dry, best-beloved, the tear;
"Secure that thou ever shalt find
"The friend of thy bosom sincere."

She speechless gaz'd:—he stands confess'd,—
The dark eyes of HOEL shine;
Her heart has forgotten it e'er was oppress'd,
And she murmurs aloud, as she sinks on his breast,
"OH! PRESS MY HEART TO THINE."

He turn'd his look a little space,
To hide the tears of joy;
Then rushing, with a warm embrace,
Cry'd, as he kiss'd young HOEL's face,
"My boy, my heart-lov'd boy!

"Proud Harpers, strike a louder lay,—
"No more forlorn I bend!
"Prince EINEON, with the rest, be gay,
"Tho' fate hath torn a bride away,
"Accept a long-lost friend."

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

This tale I heard, when at the close of day
The village Harper tun'd an ANCIENT lay;

He struck his harp, beneath a ruin hoar,
And sung of LOVE and TRUTH, in days of yore,
And I retain'd the song, with counsel sage,
To teach *one* lesson to a WISER age!

AVENUE

IN

SAVERNAKE FOREST.

HOW soothing sound the gentle airs that move
Th' innumerable leaves, high over head,
When Autumn first, from the long Avenue,
That lifts its arching height of ancient shade,
Steals here and there a leaf.

Within the gloom,
In partial sunshine white, some trunks appear,
Studding the glens of fern; in solemn shade
Some mingle their dark branches, but yet all,—
All make a sad sweet music, as they move,
Not undelightful to a stranger's heart.

DIRGE OF NELSON.

TOLL NELSON'S KNELL! a soul more brave
Ne'er triumph'd on the green-sea wave!.
Sad o'er the hero's honour'd grave,
Toll NELSON'S KNELL!
The ball of Death unerring flew:
His cheek has lost its ardent hue:
He sinks, amid his gallant crew!
Toll NELSON'S KNELL!
Yet lift, brave Chief, thy dying eyes;
Hark! loud huzzas around thee rise;
Aloft the flag of conquest flies!
THE DAY IS WON!
The DAY IS WON—PEACE TO THE BRAVE!
But whilst the joyous streamers wave,
We'll think upon the VICTOR'S GRAVE!
PEACE TO THE BRAVE!

ON THE

DEATH OF CAPT. COOKE,

OF THE BELLEROPHON,

KILLED IN THE SAME BATTLE.

WHEN anxious SPAIN, along her rocky shore,
From cliff to cliff return'd the sea-fight's roar;
When flash succeeding flash, tremendous broke
The haze incumbent, and the clouds of smoke,
As oft the volume roll'd away, thy mien,
Thine eye, serenely terrible, was seen,
My gallant friend.—Hark! the shrill bugle§ calls,
Is the day won? alas, he falls—he falls!—

§ He bore down into the thickest fight with a bugle-horn, sounding.

His soul from pain, from agony release!—
Hear his last murmur, "Let me die in peace."‡

Yet still, BRAVE COOKE, thy country's grateful tear,
Shall wet the bleeding laurel on thy bier.
But who shall wake to joy, thro' a long life
Of sadness, thy belov'd and widow'd wife,
Who now, perhaps, thinks how the green seas foam,
That bear thy victor ship impatient home?

Alas! the well-known views,—the swelling plain,
Thy laurel-circled HOME, endear'd in vain,
The brook, the church, those chesnuts darkly-green,*
Yon fir-crown'd summit,§ and the village scene,

‡ His own words, the last he spoke. If I have here been more particular in this description than in that of the great Commander, it will be attributed to private friendship, Capt. Cooke having lived in the same village.

* Portrait of Capt. Cooke's place, at Donhead.

§ Barker's hill, near Donhead.

WARDOUR's long sweep of woods, the nearer mill,
And high o'er all, the pinnets of Font-Hill,
These views, when summer comes, shall charm no more
Him, o'er whose welt'ring corse the wild waves roar.

ENOUGH: 'twas HONOUR's VOICE that awful cry'd,
"GLORY TO HIM WHO FOR HIS COUNTRY DIED."
Yet dreary is her solitude, who bends
And mourns the best of Husbands, Fathers, Friends!
Oh! when she wakes at midnight, but to shed
Fresh tears of anguish on her lonely bed,
"Thinking on Him who is not;" then restrain
The tear, oh GOD, and her sad heart sustain!

GIVER OF LIFE, may she remember still
Thy chast'ning hand, and to thy sov'reign will

Bow silent, but not hopeless, while her eye
She raises to a bright FUTURITY,
And meekly trusts, in Heav'n, Thou wilt restore
That happiness THE WORLD can give no more!

WRITTEN AFTER THE

BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

THE TIDE OF FATE ROLLS ON:—heart-pierc'd and pale,
The gallant Soldier lies,* nor aught avail,
The shield, the sword, the spirit of the brave,
From rapine's armed hand thy vales to save,
Land of illustrious Heroes, who, of yore,
Drench'd the same plains with the invader's gore,
Stood frowning, in the front of death, and hurl'd
Defiance to the CONQUERORS† of the world!

Oh, when we hear the agonizing tale
Of those who, faint, and fugitive, and pale,

* Sir John Moore.

† "Near Mount Medulio, the remains of a great native force destroyed themselves in sight of a Roman army, rather than submit to bondage."
Southey's Travels in Spain and Portugal.

Saw hourly, harassed thro' their long retreat,
Some poor companion sinking at their feet,
Yet e'en in danger, and from toil more bold,
Back on their gathering foes the bleeding battle roll'd;—
While tears of pity mingle with applause,
On the dread scene in silence let us pause;
Yes, pause, and ask, "Is not thy awful hand
"Stretch'd out, O GOD, o'er a devoted land!
"Whose vales of beauty Nature spread in vain,
"Where Mis'ry moan'd on the uncultur'd plain,
"Where Bigotry went by with jealous scowl,
"Where Superstition mutter'd in his cowl;
"Whilst o'er the INQUISITION'S dismal holds,
"Its horrid banner wav'd in bleeding folds!"

And dost thou thus, LORD OF ALL MIGHT, fulfil,
With wreck and tempests, thy eternal will,
Shatter the arms in which weak kingdoms trust,
And strew their scatter'd ensigns in the dust?

Oh, if no human wisdom may withstand
The terrors, LORD, of thy uplifted hand;
If the dark tide no prowess can controul,
Yet nearer, charg'd with dread commission, roll,
Still may my country's ark majestic ride,
Tho' sole, yet safe, on the conflicting tide;
Till hush'd be the wild rocking of the blast,
And the red storm of death be overpast!

From field to field, from vale to cultur'd vale,
The prospect spreads its crowded beauties wide!
Long lines of sunshine, and of shadow, streak
The farthest distance; where the passing light
Alternate falls, mid undistinguish'd trees,
White dots of gleamy domes, and peeping tow'rs,
As from the Painter's instant touch, appear.

As thus the eye ranges, from hill to hill,
Here, white with passing sunshine; *there*, with trees
Innumerable shaded, clust'ring more,
As the long vale retires, the ample scene,
Warm with new grace, and beauty, seems to live.

Lives! all is Animation! Beauty! Hope!
Snatch'd from the dark and dreamless grave, so late,
Shall I pass silent, now first issuing forth,
To feel again thy fragrance, to respire
Thy breath, to hail thy look, thy living look,
O Nature?

Let me the deep joy contrast,
(Which now the inmost heart, like music, fills,)
With the sick chamber's sorrows, oft from morn,
Silent, till lingering eve, save when the sound
Of whispers steal, and bodings breath'd more low,
As friends approach the pillow: so awak'd
From deadly trance, the sick man lifts his eyes,
Then in despondence closes them on all,
All earth's fond wishes! O how chang'd are now
His thoughts! he sees rich nature glowing round,
He feels her influence! languid with delight,
(And whilst his eye is fill'd with transient fire,)
He almost thinks he hears her gently say,
LIVE, LIVE! O Nature, thee, in the soft winds,
THEE, in the soothing sound of summer leaves,
When the still earth lies sultry; thee, methinks,
E'en now I hear bid "Welcome" to thy vales
And woods again!

And I will welcome them,
And pour, as erst, the song of heart-felt praise.

From yonder line, where fade the farthest hills
Which bound the blue lap of the swelling vale,
(On whose last line, seen like a beacon, hangs
Thy Tow'r,* benevolent, accomplish'd HOARE,)
To where I stand, how wide the interval!
Yet instantaneous, to the hurrying eye
Display'd; tho' peeping tow'rs and villages
Thick scatter'd, mid the intermingling elms,
And towns remotely mark'd by hovering smoke,
And grass-green pastures with their herds, and seats
Of rural beauty, cottages and farms,
Unnumber'd as the hedgerows, lie between!

Roaming at large to where the grey sky bends,
The eye scarce knows to rest, till back recall'd

* Sir Richard Hoare's Tower at Stourhead.

By yonder ivy'd cloisters† in the plain,
Whose turret, peeping pale above the shade,
Smiles in the venerable grace of years.
As the few threads of age's silver hairs,
Just sprinkled o'er the forehead, lend a grace
Of saintly reverence, seemly, tho' compar'd
With blooming Mary's "tresses like the morn;"
So the grey weather-stained tow'rs yet wear
A secret charm impressive; though oppos'd
To views in verdure flourishing, the woods,
And scenes of Attic taste, that glitter near.*

O! VENERABLE PILE,‡ tho' now no more
The pensive passenger, at evening, hear
The slowly-chanted vesper; or the sounds
Of "MISERERE," die along the vale;

† Lacock Abbey.
* Bowood; Mr. Dickenson's; and Mr. Methuen's magnificent mansion.
‡ Lacock Abbey.

Yet PIETY and HONOUR'D AGE‡ retir'd,
There hold their blameless sojourn, ere "*the bowl*
"*Be broken,*" or the "*silver chord be loos'd.*"

Nor can I pass, snatch'd from untimely fate,
Without a secret pray'r, that so my age,
When many a circling season has declin'd,
In Charity, and Peace, may wait its close.

Yet still be with me, oh delightful friend,
Soothing companion of my vacant hours,
Oh, still be with me, Spirit of the Muse!
Not to subdue, or hold in moody spell,
The erring senses, but to animate
And warm my heart, where'er the prospect smiles,
With Nature's fairest views; not to display
Vain ostentations of a poet's art,

‡ The venerable Catholic Countess, who resides in the abbey.

But silent, and associate of my joys
Or sorrows, to infuse a tenderness,
A thought, that seems to mingle, as I gaze,
With all the works of GOD: so cheer my path,
From youth to sober manhood, till the light
Of evening smile upon the fading scene.

And tho' no pealing clarion swell my fame,
When all my days are gone; let me not pass,
Like the forgotten clouds of yesterday,
Nor unremember'd by the Fatherless,
Of the lov'd village where my bones are laid.

SUN-DIAL,

*IN THE CHURCH-YARD.**

So passes, silent o'er the dead, thy shade,
Brief Time; and hour by hour, and day by day,
The pleasing pictures of the present fade,
And like a summer vapour steal away.

And have not THEY, who here forgotten lie,
(Say, hoary chronicler of ages past,)
Once mark'd thy shadow with delighted eye,
Nor thought it fled,—how certain, and how fast?

* See plate.

Since thou hast stood, and thus thy vigil kept,
Noting each hour, o'er mould'ring stones beneath;
The Pastor and his flock alike have slept,
And "dust to dust" proclaim'd the stride of death.

Another race succeeds, and counts the hour,
Careless alike; the hour still seems to smile,
As hope, and youth, and life, were in our pow'r;
So smiling and so perishing the while.

I heard the village bells, with gladsome sound,
(When to these scenes a stranger I drew near,)
Proclaim the tidings to the village round,
While mem'ry wept upon the good man's bier.†

† My predecessor, Rev. Nathaniel Hume, canon residentiary, and precentor of Salisbury, a man of exemplary benevolence.

Even so, when I am dead, shall the same bells
Ring merrily, when my brief days are gone;
While still the lapse of time thy shadow tells,
And strangers gaze upon my humble stone!

ENOUGH, if we may wait in calm content,
The hour that bears us to the silent sod;
Blameless improve the time, that Heav'n has lent,
AND LEAVE THE ISSUE TO THY WILL, O GOD.

APPENDIX.

[The final alterations and additions to the Poem called "the Winds" having been sent too late for the press, the whole is here re-printed as the Author would wish them to stand.]

THE WINDS.

WHEN dark November bade the leaves adieu,
And the gale sung amid the sea-boy's shrouds,
Methought I saw four winged forms, that flew,
With garments streaming light, amid the clouds—
From adverse regions of the sky,
In dim succession, they went by—
The first, as o'er the billowy deep he past,
Blew from his brazen trump a far-resounding blast.

Upon a beaked promontory high,
With streaming heart, and cloudy brow severe,
Mark'd ye the FATHER* of the frowning year?
Dark vapours roll'd o'er the tempestuous sky,
When creeping WINTER from his cave came forth;
'Stern Courier of the Storm, (he cry'd,) WHAT
'FROM THE NORTH?'

NORTH WIND.

"From the vast and desert deeps,
"Where the lonely Kraken sleeps,
"Where fix'd, the icy mountains high
"Glimmer to the twilight sky;
"Where, six ling'ring months to last,
"The night has clos'd,—the day is past,—
"Father, lo, I come, I come:
"I have heard the wizard's drum,

* "Then comes the Father of the Tempest forth."—*Thomson.*

" And the wither'd Lapland hag,
" Seal, with mutter'd spell, her bag:
" O'er mountains white, and forests sere,
" I flew, and with a wink am here."

WINTER.

' Spirit of unweary'd wing,
' From the BALTIC's frozen main,
' From the RUSS's bleak domain,
' Say, what tidings dost thou bring?'

" SHOUTS, AND THE NOISE OF BATTLE!" and again
The winged wind blew loud a deadly blast;
" SHOUTS, AND THE NOISE OF BATTLE," the long main
Seem'd with hoarse voice to answer as he past.

The moody SOUTH went by, and silence kept;
The cloudy rack oft hid his mournful mien,
And frequent fell the show'rs, as if he wept
The eternal havoc of this mortal scene.

He had heard the yell, and cry,
And howling dance of Anarchy,
Where the Rhone, with rushing flood,
Murmur'd to the main, thro' blood:—
He seem'd to wish he could for ever throw
His misty mantle o'er a world of woe.

But rousing him from his desponding trance,
Cold EURUS blew his sharp and shrilling horn;
In his right hand he bore an icy lance,
That far off glitter'd in the frost of morn;
The Old Man knew the clarion from afar,
'WHAT FROM THE EAST?' he cry'd.

EAST WIND.

"SHOUTS, AND THE NOISE OF WAR!"
"Far o'er the land hath been my flight,
"O'er many a forest dark as night,
"O'er champains where the Tartar speeds,
"O'er Wolga's wild and giant reeds,

" O'er the Carpathian summits hoar,
" Beneath whose snows and shadows frore,
" Poland's level length unfolds
" Her trackless woods and wild'ring wolds,
" Like a spirit, seeking rest,
" I have pass'd from east to west,
" While sounds of discord and lament
" Rose from the earth, where'er I went!
" I care not; hurrying, as in scorn,
" I shook my lance, and blew my horn;
" The day shews clear; and merrily
" Along the ATLANTIC now I fly."

Who comes in soft and spicy vest,
From the mild regions of the West?
An azure veil bends waving o'er his head,
And show'rs of violets from his hands are shed.
'Tis ZEPHYR,—with a look as young and fair
As when his lucid wings convey'd
That beautiful and gentle maid

PSYCHE,‡ transported thro' the air,
The blissful couch of Love's own God to share.

WINTER AVAUNT! thy haggard eye,
Will scare him, as he wanders by,
Him and the timid butterfly.
He brings again the morn of May.
The lark, amid the clear blue sky,
Carols, but is not seen so high,
And all the WINTER'S WINDS fly far away!
I cry'd, " O, FATHER of the world, whose might,
" The storm, the darkness, and the winds obey,
" Oh, when will thus the long tempestuous night
" Of warfare and of woe be roll'd away!
" Oh, when will cease the uproar and the din,
" And Peace breathe soft, " SUMMER IS COMING IN!"

‡ Alluding to a beautiful fable of Psyche, carried by Zephyr to be married to Cupid.

NOTE.

P. 77, L. 1.

Entic'd by beck'ning fairies from his path.

The following is the curious tale of superstition alluded to.

" A youth of twelve years old ran away, and hid himself under the hollow bank of a river; and after fasting in that situation for two days, two little men, of pigmy stature, appeared to him, saying, ' if you will come with us, we will lead you into a country full of delights and sports.' Assenting and rising up, he followed his guides through a path, at first subterraneous and dark, into a most beautiful country,

adorned with rivers and meadows, woods and plains, but obscure and not illuminated with the full light of the sun. As often as they returned from our upper hemisphere, they reprobated our ambition, infidelities, and inconstancies. The boy frequently returned to our hemisphere, sometimes by the way he had first gone, sometimes by another: at first in company with other persons, and afterwards alone, and made himself known only to his mother, declaring to her the manners, nature, and state of that people. Being desired by her to bring a present of gold, with which that region abounded, he stole, while at play with the king's son, the golden ball with which he used to divert himself, and brought it to his mother in great haste; and when he reached the door of his father's house, but not unpursued, and was entering it in a great hurry, his foot stumbled on the threshold, and falling down into the room where his mother was sitting, the two pigmies seized the ball which had dropped from his hand,

and departed, shewing the boy every mark of contempt and derision. On recovering from his fall, confounded with shame, and execrating the evil counsel of his mother, here turned by the usual track to the subterraneous road, but found no appearance of any passage, though he searched for it on the banks of the river for near the space of a year."

Sir R. Hoare's Translation of Giraldus.

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